

# Mind



# Matter.

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NO. 15.

## RUM'S TIDAL WAVE.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

Rum's tide-wave of death, flows over our land,  
Aye! Worse than Death's tide it sweeps o'er the soul,  
And all that is fair, and noble, and grand,  
Forever is hid, where its black waters roll.

On its bosom it bears all that's lovely in youth;  
It bids from young life every beautiful thought,  
And it sweeps every vestige of honor and truth,  
From the poor helpless soul, its current hath caught.

Oh! the wrecks, that are strewn where its waters have swept,  
Oh! the hopes, that lie buried 'neath its terrible tide,  
Oh! the tears, that the eyes of the mourners have wept,  
As down its swift stream their loved ones did glide.

Who can measure the depths of this terrible wave?  
Who can tell of the souls it hath borne to their death?  
When no helping hand, was extended to save—  
No loving one near, to receive their last breath.

Oh! our beautiful land is shadowed with woe,  
And all its bright future seems mantled in gloom,  
The taint of rum's poison, wherever we go,  
Destroys its sweet flowers, and withers their bloom.

Shall its death chilling waters continue to have  
The evergreen shores of our God-given land?  
Shall the blessings that lie, so lavishly gave,  
Be wrenched, from our grasp by the rum-sellers' hand?

Forbid it, high Heaven! and show us the way,  
That its shadows no longer enfold us in gloom,  
God's power, we invoke! and ever we'll pray,  
To escape from this curse, and its terrible doom.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

## EXPERIENCES WITH THE SPIRIT ENEMIES OF SPIRITUALISM.

BY J. M. ROBERTS.

[Continued.]

One evening in November last, while I was in the office of MIND AND MATTER, engaged in conversation with a Catholic gentleman, who has been a frequent visitor and diligent inquirer respecting the Modern Spiritualist movement, Mr. James A. Bliss was present and taking part in the conversation, when, unexpectedly to us all, he was entranced and controlled by a spirit purporting to be Benjamin Hunter, who communicated as follows:

"I have listened very attentively to all you have said, and I felt, if it was possible I wanted to control the medium and tell you what has been my condition in the after-life. When I give you my name you will perhaps then be surprised that I have been drawn into your presence; but after you have heard my story, perhaps, you will not wonder at it. I was formerly a man respected by many that lived in this city. I was a member of a Christian church. I was during my early life devoted to its interests, but the time came when I began to amass wealth, and that was the most perilous time I ever experienced. It led to my utter ruin, and not only to my ruin, but to the ruin of my family.

"The feeling came over me that I must have wealth, at whatever cost, until it overpowered my reasoning faculties and I was prepared to do anything to obtain it. At last, losing a considerable sum of money, and parting with it as if it was my heart's blood—urged on, as I now know, by invisible beings who fed upon my avarice, I yielded to the temptation to insure a friend's life to a large amount, that I might retrieve my terrible losses. The moment I did that, I yielded to that temptation, suggested by this band of invisibles. I became their plaything, and from that moment I could think of nothing but the ways and means of ridding myself of the man in my way, that I might enjoy the price of his blood. It wore upon me; and the band of invisibles would suggest to me, from time to time, the best means that I could use to put him out of the way. They also suggested to me the ways to avoid the law, in committing this terrible deed, and I sought to follow out their instructions. Verbal instructions from them to myself, when alone, were that I should obtain the services of one who, they said, was useless in society. I followed out their instructions and went away while the deed was to be committed. But it all failed.

"This opened the way for another band of spirits to advise with me. They consulted with the first, and told me I must do it myself—that they knew that my reputation would save me from being implicated in this matter. You know the rest, for I realize, as a spirit, from the thoughts I gather from you, that you know who I am.

"Well, they all deserted me at my last hour, and they laughed at me, and mocked me, and left me alone to myself. Then I felt—oh! how can I express it?—deserted by every being; and I had a feeling of revenge spring up within me. I do not lay this to invisible power. It was the reaction of my former self. I felt to be revenged on the one I had used as a tool, until my victim met me—treated me kindly—and broke the terrible spell that had bound me; and then, through your kind efforts and advice, I resolved with the will of my youth that I would return to earth-life, and warn others not to take the step to accumulate wealth, as I had done.

"The moment I made that resolution, it seemed to me that I bounded out of darkness into light. It seemed that every weight that was upon me was swept from me. I felt a delightful freedom at that moment. I felt my youth renewed, and I forgot my promise—my resolve; and then I fell again, and I found myself with those who had deceived me. I listened to their taunts until I groaned aloud for relief. Then I thought of my promise, and of my selfishness, but all seemed dark to me, and I found no way out of the dark-

ness I was in. I could not see anything, but my sense of hearing was acute, and I could hear the groans of my victim. I could feel cold clammy hands upon me; I could hear voices, seeming to me to come from earth-life—imprecations from the friends of my victim. I could hear the conversation of my children that I had left behind me. I could hear laughter, but I could not discover who it was that was near me. I wandered in the darkness until I heard a voice singing. I lifted up my head and prayed for light, and while I prayed the voices ceased, and I saw a light, even as a star, shining upon me. As I prayed I saw a face—the face of one I did not then know; and then a hand was extended to me, and I raised my own to it; and, by the light, I saw the blood upon my hand. The hand reached out to mine, and I found myself in the light and out of the darkness, and I saw one more beautiful than I can describe. That face I had seen before. The lips moved and I heard these words: 'Benjamin Hunter, you have taken the proper step. I am with you and will deliver you from bondage; but never forget your mission to earth-life.' I pledged my word, and I have returned here to-night to do good, perhaps in vain, but it is my first attempt. I am here to warn you, to beg of you and all other mortals that I am to meet in future to beware of the first selfish act.

"This bright angel that took my gory hand in hers led me here to-night. What welcome shall I receive? Would you, if you could, remind me to my bonds? or will you aid me to perform my mission as has your angel child?"

I was only too glad to speak words of encouragement and consolation to this contrite, suffering spirit, and he left the control, giving the assurance that his strange and unexpected coming had given him strength to fulfil the mission he had undertaken.

It is such testimony as this that is hourly and momentarily pouring upon mortals from the lips and tongues of returning spirits, that teaches the momentous truths of the after-life; and yet how few, comparatively, even among Spiritualists, give heed thereto? Here was a man who had been reared in the Christian faith—who for years was a most active, devout and zealous member of a Christian church—led in the noonday of his life to commit a most horrid crime, in a manner that showed an irrational infatuation throughout his preparations for committing it. This man's spirit returns from the place to which the rope of the executioner sent it, and says that his fall was the result of yielding to the promptings of avarice, the most soul-consuming phase of selfishness that can take possession of the human breast. This man comes back, from spirit-life, stating that, unconscious to himself, he was a medium, and was controlled and influenced by selfish and avaricious spirits to do their work, in gratifying their earthly passions, that still cling to them in the spirit-life.

Who that is familiar with the facts attending the career of Benjamin Hunter, and the commission of the crime for which he suffered, can doubt that communication as coming from him? Every part of it is so perfectly consistent with those facts, and so surprisingly so, that to attribute it to the medium or myself, or to the Catholic visitor who was present at the time, and who was engaged in conversation with me when the medium was so unexpectedly entranced, would be most absurd.

That communication from Benjamin Hunter furnishes sufficient ground-work in itself to require a volume to treat it in its various relations, as it deserves to be treated. For those of the readers of MIND AND MATTER who are not acquainted with the facts referred to by this spirit, I will as briefly as possible outline them, in order that they may more fully understand the importance of heeding the warning voice of this victim of spirit obsession.

Benjamin Hunter was, in the latter part of M. S. 30, a man of mature age. He was regarded by all who knew him as an exemplary citizen, and he was trusted, respected, and consulted by them, as one to whom they could look with confidence. Mr. H. had been for years largely engaged in business, and was very extensively known as a most prudent and successful business man. Having accumulated a competence, Mr. Hunter concluded to retire from business, and did so. As he now admits, his success had developed in him a tendency to avarice that he did not fully realize until he met with heavy pecuniary losses, which overcame his self-control and led him to insure the life of his friend and debtor, Mr. J. M. Armstrong, for a large amount. From that moment, as he now realizes as a spirit, he became the "plaything," as he says, of bad and selfish spirits who influenced him to plot the murder of his friend. The means suggested to his mind for the accomplishment of that fearful deed of blood, was to influence Thomas Graham, a poor, weak young man, who had formerly been in his employ, to commit the deed while he went away from Philadelphia. As stated in the communication, this scheme failed through the humane promptings of Graham, or his lack of courage to commit the crime. It would seem to have been the fact that Hunter's influence over Graham was only effective when he was present with him, and that but for this personal psychological influence of the former over the latter, especially exerted when they were together, the latter would never have committed the crime for which he is now undergoing a long imprisonment.

Failing to get Graham to murder Mr. Armstrong in his absence, Hunter found himself obliged to accompany Graham on the fatal errand, and was present and participated in the killing of his friend, Graham, not a bad man naturally, volun-

tarily confessed to the facts and being corroborated in all essential respects by overwhelming proof, Hunter was convicted and executed.

A few hours after his execution the spirit of this misguided man returned to this office and controlled Mr. Jas. A. Bliss, in the presence of seven or eight persons, causing the medium to manifest the dying agonies which he had so recently passed through. Subsequently he materialized as a spirit through Mrs. Bliss, as medium, his identity being most absolute, as I personally know.

The great lesson which that communication teaches is, the destructive consequences which follow the indulgence in selfishness, and indifference to the welfare and interests of others. It shows that such indulgence naturally attracts to those who yield to it, obsessing spirit influences, that enslave the reason, blunt the moral perceptions and govern the actions of their victims. In the case of Benjamin Hunter, selfishness took the form of avarice, but that is but one of the many forms it wears. Envy, ambition, luxury, love of ease, revenge, hatred, bigotry, intolerance, hypocrisy, deceit, falsehood and treachery are alike, with avarice, the undoing of tens of thousands of victims of ignorant and vicious obsessing spirits. A vast accumulation of facts, leads me to believe that no one who regards his or her personal welfare or enjoyment, before the good and happiness of all, can fail to draw down upon them the evil effects of vicious spirit obsession. Benjamin Hunter tells us that he was wholly unconscious that he was influenced by spirits while meditating upon the crime that wrecked him; and, yet, he says he now knows that such was the fact. Of what avail was his Christian training and belief to shield him from those fatally baleful obsessing spirit controls? Nothing whatever. Modern Spiritualism affords the only channel that can shield mankind from this terrible and almost universally prevailing scourge.

As I may not have the opportunity of publishing the following instructive communication in any other connection, and as it comes up in the course of my recorded experiences with spirits, I digress, in a measure, to lay it before my readers. It was given through Mr. Bliss, on January 9th, M. S. 32. Neither the medium nor myself know whether such a person as Margaret Miller, the spirit from whom the communication purports to come, ever lived. If no such person lived, then it is meet that that fact should be known, in order that its true import may be ascertained. The control said to a friend who was present and myself:

"GOOD MORNING GENTLEMEN:—I do not believe as you believe. I did not, when I was in the mortal body. I cannot understand why I should have been led as I have been, to find that my fondest dreams have not been realized. I realize that you are both Spiritualists, and that I am here, where I would never have attempted to come if I had lived until this hour in the mortal body.

"I belonged to the Methodist church at Harrisburg, Penna., and I trusted in the merits of Jesus Christ for salvation—for a life in the future. I realize that I have not met with that Jesus, that I, in my last moments, spoke so confidently of meeting. It is all wrong some one way or another. It is to me the deepest disappointment, for I realize that there must now be a probationary state after death, in which I must live before I am prepared to meet my Jesus; and yet everything seems so strange to me. I thought, when I left the body, I would go a great distance, but instead, I find myself held to the brethren and sisters of our church at Harrisburg. I attend the social meetings as I used to do. I attend the worship as I used to do, and when they have gone away from the church, I am left alone in that church. Why this is so I cannot tell, but I hope and trust I may know.

"I met a spirit the other day, who told me if I would go to William Potts, whom I know, his spirit hand would give me instructions; but as that is not in accordance with my earth-life, I fear it would be very wrong for me to go there. I did love the brothers and sisters of our church, and they looked to me, at times, for support and sympathy. I have many times stood by the dying members of our church and pointed them to the Saviour. I cannot understand why I have been so mistaken in my conception of the truth of the Bible. I wish I could understand why this is. I am here, I realize among Spiritualists, with whom I had no affiliations in my earthly existence. Why I am here I do not know. I can only say, I pray I may not be led wrong."

I assured her she was not being "led wrong," as I had reason to know that she had been brought to meet with us by a truly good and enlightened spirit friend who had done the same thing for hundreds of other spirits who were laboring under similar perplexities to her own. That this spirit friend had, like herself, passed to spirit-life fully believing that she too would be saved through the merits of Jesus, but that having learned her mistake was earnestly laboring to undeceive spirits who had been led wrong by their earthly teachings. I assured her that she could in no way so promptly relieve herself from the probationary state in which she found herself, as by becoming thoroughly convinced of her earthly errors, and by becoming a missionary in spirit-life to teach other spirits, what she found to be the truth. She then continued:

"I have seen many of the members in our church in spirit and we have been there, as it were, in the body of our church, not able to rise above this. I shall address a number of the spirit friends, for I know they are spirits, and I begin to realize that the Potts boys must have been truthful in saying spirits came to them. I shall speak

to those spirit friends this afternoon. We hold a meeting then. We are sorrowful that we find not the master we have so long trusted in.

"Ever since last July, when I passed away, I have been held to that church. I listen to the minister when he preaches, and I say, 'How can these things be so,' when we are held to the church? And yet it is not right for me to question that."

I said to her, "Yes; it is not only your right to question that, but your duty to question it. Your happiness depends upon your faithful discharge of that duty." She replied:

"I shall try to come again. I do not find you such terrible creatures as you have been pictured to me. You have been pictured to me as Infidels, and yet you speak so kindly. I love you both as brethren. I am, MARGARET MILLER."

We would like to be informed by any one who can give any information on the subject, whether such a person, as this spirit purported to be, really lived and died in Harrisburg, and such particulars as will explain the above communication. If it comes from an identified spirit, the lesson it teaches cannot be overvalued. It would show, as nothing else could, that sectarian religion may become as great a millstone about the necks of its votaries, as any other error or delusion, the result of earthly training and surroundings.

Let those Spiritualists who cling so tenaciously to the so-called Christian teachings heed the experience of this sincere and earnest Christian spirit. When, oh! when, will those who have sought to subordinate the Spiritual Movement to sectarian prejudice and bigotry learn the folly of their efforts? It can be none too soon.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Anna Stewart Unshaken.

EVANSVILLE, IND., Feb. 25, 1880.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—My wife and self have been attending the seances given by Mrs. Anna Stewart of Terre Haute, Ind., for a number of weeks, and while there, were indebted to the kindness of Dr. Pence for the perusal of your valuable paper, which we feel lost without. Enclosed please find subscription price for six months.

We feel in duty bound to say a word in favor of the manifestations at Pence's Hall, as we have attended the seances there and know them to be genuine. During our stay there we have had tests that could not be doubted. Our friends materialized, and "Minnie," the controlling guide, gave their full names before they came out of the cabinet. We thought that a good test, as we were entire strangers in the place—no one knowing our names, or the names of any of our friends that are in the spirit world. They came so well materialized that we could recognize them. After their first coming they could talk, and we had a number of very satisfactory conversations with them. My wife's sister materialized and came out, sat beside her and wrote the following letter:

"DEAR SISTER:—I cannot half express how glad I am, you have come here to see me, and could you see the beautiful home we have over here. Oh! how happy I would be if I only had you here with me. I only await the happy day when we shall meet in this beautiful world. I do not wish to make you discontented with your physical life, but if you were here with dear father and I, and all of our dear friends, how much happier I would be. All the beautiful things you have in that world, we have in this beautiful world; only more beautiful. All our friends send their love to you both. From your sister in spirit-life."

We also got pictures of our spirit friends which were as natural as life.

We are travelling and will notify you, when we leave this place where to send the paper.

J. H. HARTWELL,

No. 410 Upper 2d Street.

[Such is the testimony that comes from every hand endorsing the mediumship of Mrs. Stewart. And it was this favored and most faithful medium that Bundy, Kayner, Hutchinson and Bull, sought to discredit and injure. What must these miserable enemies of truth think of their fruitless villainy by this time.—Ed.]

## The Team Nearly Stalled.

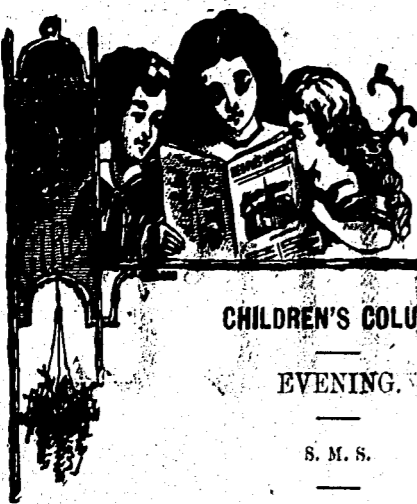
ROCHESTER, Mich., Feb. 23, 1880.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

I want to thank you for your premium picture; "Homeward," just received. It is a fine thing. My son, whose business brings many pictures to hand, in framing it for me, pronounced it the finest one of the kind that he had yet met with.

By the way, I have noticed about back in the R. P. Journal—which I am now taking for a purpose—a striking similarity in the wording of its commendatory paragraphs in the "Voices from the People." Under the names of persons from no place and with no date, for instance, the injunction "go on!" obtains in three consecutive extracts, and other well-worn ear-marks about "Exposing frauds" and "purifying the ranks," etc., might be given. Don't such "voices" sound wonderfully as though they came from one and the same pair of lungs? I deem that establishment equal to any such little caper.

When a young man, years ago, I was, like your subscriber and correspondent of Stowe, Vt., W. A. Parish, as the Journal calls him, a teamster" (the Lord have mercy on us both,) and I remember whenever I heard, while on the road, an unusual amount of "Go on! go on! get up! get up!" etc., from a fellow-teamster ahead or behind, I used to conclude that such a team was near the point of being "stalled." Yours truly, C. H. GREENE.



See a loving circle gathered,  
In that sacred precinct—Home,  
Father, mother, children chattering,  
Of their doings where they'd roamed.  
Younger ones to school had hurried,  
Fearing tardy marks were made;  
Older ones with pleasant duties,  
Helping all—with willing aid.

Parents, just from aunt returning,  
Draw around for evening meal;  
Whilst the child-like artless queries,  
Often bring a deafening peal.  
"Mamma?" says the youngest child,  
"Is a doin to cool tumtime."  
Den—I tinks I'll make a bid man,  
Like dat lawyer—here to dine.

"Den I'll stand up on a barl,  
Talk big words like him—you bet,  
Make folks laugh, and stamp like crazy,  
But won't say to boys—you get it!"  
Then—the mirth burst forth uproarious,  
Baby's hazel eyes grew dim;  
Papa—smiling—soothed with kisses  
"Guess we'll call you, lawyer Jim."

Each—their little griefs, or pleasures,  
Story told to listening ear,  
Each was praised, or chided gently—  
Love—the guiding star—not fear.  
Happy home nest, mimic heaven,  
May no blighting ever fall,  
Here—the seed—the future leaven;  
Angels bless you, one and all.

UNCLE PHIL'S THIMBLE.

BY ELINOR ELLIOTT.

"A rag picker!"  
"That's just what I am," sighed a poor girl who stood at one of the long tables in the rag-room of a large paper mill. Down each side the table stood a row of girls, some older, some younger, than herself, all miserably clothed, and all with worn, pinched faces.

These girls came each day to their work with an eager look in their eyes, which burned brightly in the morning, flickered fitfully through the day, and faded out at night, leaving the patient, tired look which want and hunger and disappointment bring, and which is always ready to take courage and look forward once more; for in a pile of rags there sometimes lay a treasure—an old penny, an old knife, a pair of scissors—something that might be taken to the little pawn shop round the corner and sold.

A little while ago a girl—a lucky girl—had a "find," a bright silver quarter. Her good luck had been whispered up and down the row, but no one betrayed her fortune. When the overseer came through the room, no exultant look nor envious glance suggested anything unusual, for this band of "rag pickers" had its honor, which it held to as closely as the most compact trades union in the land.

To some of the girls the thought sometimes came, "Is what we find really ours? but long generations of workers in the mill had appropriated 'finds,' and it had become a custom if not a right.

To-day Nance, at the head of the table, felt a keener longing than usual to secure something. She had never felt the utter dreariness of her loneliness and poverty so strongly as she had in the last bright Christmas season, which had been to her only a vision; not the sweet reality that it becomes to us, who bring it close to us in happy anticipation weeks before it really comes, who live in its light and peace and cheer, in its sweet givings and receivings, and keep its memory with us throughout the year.

For a whole year Nance had been at work in the mill, and had had nothing but her regular five-cent salary. Now her long nervous fingers ran rapidly through the pieces, making four divisions, as she called, "Linen, cotton, woollen, silk—linen, cotton, woollen, silk," and the different bits dropped into their proper piles like falling leaves; while the girl on her right took the cottons, and assorted them, and the girl on her left went through the woollens in the same way, and a girl further on took the silks.

A stranger was always amused to watch the long rows of quiet bodies, nimble fingers, and moving lips, and to hear the half-whispered counting and calling of colors as they divided the pieces.

To-day Nance had a bag to pick from. Here lay her chance. The girls who took the rags from the bags were the most apt to find treasures, and their turn came only once a month.

She was fast nearing the bottom of the last bag. Every time she thrust her hand in, her heart beat fast, and she thought, "Shall I keep it, if I find anything?"

Once more, and her hand touches something cold; her fingers close round it, and she draws it out. Her head swims, she clutches the table with her other hand to keep from falling—perhaps, after all, it is only a button. She collects herself, and peeps slyly into her hand.

A gold thimble!  
No one has seen it, no one knows, and Nance slips it into her pocket, and goes on with her work; but somehow it doesn't run smoothly. It is "Silk, cotton, woollen, linen," and then "Cotton, woollen, linen, silk," and the girls find fault because the piles are "mixed," and then the bell rings, and they are free for to-day.

Cautiously Nance makes inquiries about the "finds." How much did they sell things for, if they found any?

"My aunt," said one girl, "onst foun' a gol' ring, an' the jew'ler give her a dollar fort."  
"He melted it down," explained another. "They allus does that. He told me one day that if ever I found a gold breas'pin or a bracelet, 'which 'tain't noways likely you will,' sez he, 'fetch it to me, an' I'll give you what's right for it.'"

So Nance's "find" was really worth money. More money, too, than she could earn in many days' steady toil. What would it not buy! Food, clothing, warmth, everything, seemed within her reach now that she held that source of wealth in her hand.

"'Tain't stealin', I hope," thought Nance. "Course not. I don't know who it belongs to."

When alone, Nance took out the thimble. What a dainty little thing it was! She tried it on each of her hard, bony fingers, and laughed to see the poor grimy things wearing a golden crown.

Why, there were letters on it!  
"Reel writin'," cried Nance, as she paused under a street lamp to spell the word by daylight.

"Onst I could read writin'." That first may be a capertin—that's what they call them big fellers that stands first—a kin' of a Gennyrel with his soljers. Oh! I don't know the capertins—never got acquainted when I went to school; common letters was good enough for me.

"That tall one, that's I, an' there's round o, then 7, an' then i with a dot. L-o-l-o, r-i-i, l-o-r-i, m-e-l, lorimel. Now what's the capertin's name?—lorimel, lorimel; I've heerd that name some'eres. Why, it's her that came that day mother lay a-dy-in' an' spoke so soft like; an' the genneman with her he called her 'lorimel'—no that warn't it—Florimel, Florimel, that's the name!"

"'Tain't yourn now, Nance. You know where it belongs. You ain't got no right to it now."

And then came other thoughts.  
"What's a gold thimble to her? She can buy all she wants—gold thimbles, and gold scissors, and gold needles; and sit in a gold chair, and sew on a gold gown. She hadn't no business leavin' a gold thimble in a rag bag. Them that's careless has to pay for it."

The curtains were drawn in an elegant house on the Avenue. A bright fire burned in the grate, throwing a warm glow on the delicate walls, the beautiful pictures, and the snowy marble statues, and reflecting itself in the long mirrors, seemed, as it sparkled and glowed, the only thing of life in the room; for the young girl who lay back in the luxurious depths of the large chair by the hearth, with her fair hands lying listlessly in her lap, was as white and motionless as the statues around her.

Now and then her lip quivered, and an occasional tear stole from under her long lashes, but she did not look up till a gentleman entered the room. Then she sprang into his arms, and sobbed out, in reply to his question of how she had spent the day.

"I've been perfectly miserable, papa. I've lost my thimble—the thimble Uncle Phil gave me. I'd give everything in the world to see it again."

"Why, my dear little girl, that would hardly be worth while, when you can get another for a few dollars. We'll go to-morrow and buy the prettiest—"

"Ah! papa, you don't understand. All the money in the world can't buy a thimble to take the place of the one Uncle Phil gave me. It was the last thing he ever bought."

"Was it, darling?"

"Yes; and he said that morning, 'Florimel, can you sew pretty well?' and I laughed, and said, 'Of course not, Uncle Phil; what's the need of my sewing?' 'Great need, great need, little niece,' he said. 'Sewing is woman's most womanly work, and though you may never need to sew for yourself, if you knew how, you might teach hundreds of poor girls to sew and clothe themselves and their families.'"

"My little daughter teaching a sewing school! How funny it would be!"

"So that afternoon we went into Shreve's and selected one, and had my name engraved on it; and that night Uncle Phil was taken ill. So of course I feel badly, papa; don't you see why?"

"Yes, Florimel; but perhaps we shall find this thimble. Have you had Janet search for it?"

"Indeed I have, all day long. I had it yesterday at work on my Kensington, and think Janet must have taken it up among the bits of worsted when she put them into the scrap bag; and Ann sold all the scraps last night to the ragman. Oh, dear! I shall never see it again!"

"Hif you pleas, sir," said Jacobs, appearing in doorway, "there's a vagrant at the basement door. Three times he've sent 'er away, han' three times she 'as returned, hevery time hasking for Miss Florimel, han' sayin' she must see 'er."

"To see me? At the basement door? How strange!" And Florimel forgot her tears in her eagerness to see what the poor child at the door could want.

Her papa hurried down stairs after her, and saw her face radiant with joy as she held in her hand a gold thimble, while a scantily clothed girl stood beside awkwardly twisting the corner of her shabby shawl.

"Oh, papa! this girl Nancy found my thimble among some rags, and brought it back to me. Oh, what can I do for her, papa?"

"How did you know whose the thimble was, my child?"

"I warn't sure, sir," faltered Nance, whose honor had outweighed her longing for money and the comfort it would bring, and had brought her through the long city to seek the rightful owner of the thimble—"I warn't sure; but I knew her name, for herself an' a gennelman came onst to see mother long ago."

"That was Uncle Phil," said Florimel. "He used often to take me when he went to visit the poor. But how did you know where I lived?"

"I knew the house, 'cause he told me to come here onst for some soup for mother, an' I came an' got it."

"How is your mother now?"

"She's dead, miss," sobbed Nance.

"And so is Uncle Phil," and the two girls—the one so fair and beautiful and carefully guarded, the other so pale and pinched and friendless—forgot for a moment all but their sorrow, their longing for the dear dead faces they could never see again.

But Florimel's papa called Janet to see that Nancy was warmed and fed after her long cold walk, and took Florimel into the library to see what they really could do for this poor but honest girl.

Florimel at first insisted upon having her for her own little maid, but her papa convinced her that Nancy was too ignorant for such a position; and they finally decided that the best thing to do for her would be to give her a good home, where she could learn to do all kinds of nice work, and could also go to school.

"Why, papa, I know the very place for Nancy. Nurse Susan lives all alone, now her niece has gone out to service, and Nancy could live with her."

"That is a very bright thought, little daughter. It would be a comfort to Susan to have a young girl with her, and the money we should pay for Nancy's board would lighten her expenses. Let us send now for Nancy, and see if she likes the idea."

Did Nance like the idea?

"Did she like to think she need never go back to the bustling, dusty mill; that she need not go again to that miserable tenement-house which she

called home, where she had the tiny room with seven other girls, and where she could not know again what it was to be warm and dry and cold? Did she like to feel that she could have a home in the sweet fresh country; that her work should be in a garden, in a dairy, in a little cottage; that clothing, food, and the learning to be a good woman would lie within her reach?

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKE.

A SURPRISE.

'Yes, a succession of them, in reading MIND AND MATTER of date of December 6th. But chief among them was the strong ground taken against the claims of what Bro. Briggs calls "the higher manifestations" at Terre Haute. I am heartily glad the editor of MIND AND MATTER is no respecter of persons either in or out of the flesh. It has done me genuine good to see those respectfully correct lights of the spiritual movement dealt with without the least regard to their position or claims. This on this side of the line, and he pays no more regard to the claims of spirits.

This is well, for only thus can the psychologic, theologic power of the Christian hierarchy be broken. I have heard of "the same old knife," with seven new blades and six new handles; but here there seems to be innumerable new blades with the same old Jesus handle—or Jesus on one side and Christ on the other. Whenever Truth thrusts a new blade into the harvest, the first effort of the church power is to crush it. Failing in this, they then try to find a place for it in the old, old handle, knowing full well that he who holds the handle wields the blade.

At first glance one might think you inconsistent, friend Roberts, in claiming both the materializations and those denouncing them as the tools of Jesuitical power. But a moment's thought will show the contrary. As the case now stands, Col. Bandy pronounces the mediums frauds. You pronounce the spirits frauds and the mediums honest; while Bro. Briggs and others pronounce for both mediums and spirits. After looking the ground over carefully, I am inclined to think that you are in the right, and that Jesuits are at work both in the materializations and through the contemners of the mediums. But to make this clear we must keep in mind the fact that

THE CHURCH

is trying to get possession of the new blade. And to do this the mediums must first be separated from the great body of Spiritualists, or from the legitimate handle; and how can this better be done than by destroying confidence in their honesty? Spiritualists as a body reject frauds, and of course reject honest mediums if they are believed to be frauds. This weakens the mediums just where they should be supported; and then come genuine spirit materializations by dishonest spirits who are in the service of the enemy.

Suppose that during our late war a detachment of the enemy's forces had succeeded in cutting off the supplies from General Sherman's army, and another detachment had furnished him with supplies from the rebel camp, making him believe by their deception that they were Union stores, while a third class furnished proof to the North (through spies claiming to be friends) that our trusted General was really supplied by the enemy, the result in such a case can be easily guessed. Now this is about the position of our materializing mediums who are opposed by, or have fallen into, the snares laid by Jesuit spirits; and it needs clear brains and determined souls to lift the veil and show up the trickery. Still I cannot believe

THE JESUS OF HISTORY

to be a myth. I do not doubt the astronomical character assigned to church theology. But whence came the names of those constellations and of the signs of the zodiac? From men who could never have traced and named them unless there had been something within themselves to connect them therewith. It is only as that within us is developed that we can understand that which is without. If there is that in one soul which corresponds to the order of the stars, and the seasons in their courses, there must be the same in all souls. Why then should not some one or more of the race stand as a representative of this particular form of truth, and others of other forms? But this should be no reason for putting one above all the others, and here is where the difficulty lies—this is the evil to be combated. The Christian world claim their Jesus as king and ruler over all the others, and Spiritualists are many of them fast yielding to the psychologic power of this claim.

Prominent mediums have appeared in different ages of the world—representative men and women; and I doubt not that the Jewish Jesus was such an one, and that he has been made the figure-head of superstitious ignorance and designing knavery is evident. And that the latter class would be quite likely to try to perpetuate their power by using the veritable Jesus in the same way now, or failing to hold him to said position by one of their number personating him. But why call them so, even though they claim they are

HIGHER MANIFESTATIONS?

Does it require greater power, finer material or better conditions to materialize a Jew than an Englishman or an American? If matter grows finer as the ages roll on, a highly developed man or woman of to-day has a body composed of finer elements than one who lived two thousand years ago; while going back to the days of Abraham or Moses the difference would be still greater, and what is time? Sitting here to-night, events that occurred over fifty years ago are as fresh as those of yesterday, and should I live here five thousand years, with senses unimpaired, I cannot imagine that those events would pass from my mind, or seem more distant, and especially would the memory of the look and taste remain of the red pepper I picked in my grandfather's garden, and gave it a good bite, judging from the looks that it must be good to eat. No, I cannot conceive why those ancient spirits should find it more difficult to materialize than a modern one, for no matter how tall the tree, or how high the sap ascends, it must return to the earth for the elements of a fresh growth; and ancient as well as modern spirits wait the redemption of their bodies. But all this does not go to show that Moses, Sarah or Jesus really appeared at Terre Haute; but if they did, why (I again ask) call them "higher manifestations." I would as soon shake hands with

THOMAS PAINE,

Thomas Jefferson, Robert Owen, or any other philanthropic Infidel, as with the Nazarene. I feel as much indebted to them as to him and all his

followers combined, for the blessings I enjoy to-day. Take from us political liberty, religious liberty, and the ten-hour system of labor, and what should we have left; and that the enjoyment of these is the work of the Infidel is well known,—that is, Infidels were the leading spirits in each movement. But what is the difference to us who a spirit is that materializes, if we can by no possible means identify them. Would it not, in such cases, be just as well—show as much wisdom on the part of the manifesting spirit, if names were left out and principles taught? For the purpose of demonstrating human immortality, the materialization of a sister, child or parent is of much more value, for we cannot know but those unknown ones are another race of beings. But I have long been aware that to demonstrate immortality is not the purpose, but the incident of physical manifestations. What the spirits told

BROTHER WARDELL

is, at least, in part true, though the general purpose is to obtain control over matter. That different classes of spirits will use this knowledge for different purposes is evident, and that some may be aiming to do that which is stated as to dematerialization is quite supposable, and it is equally supposable that spirits may experiment and fail as to the particular end in view.

A few words more and I will close this, ere it becomes quite too lengthy for use.

Let none suppose that I would speak with contempt of Jesus or of any others whose names belong to history, and whose works follow them. On the contrary, I regard the work attributed to the personal Jesus as the reflection of underlying truth. The idea of a dying God; is true! The God in man has been crucified ever since the world began; the race has been constantly nailed to the cross of hard conditions. We find the bleeding hands and feet in the toiling millions who work for all, and the thorn-crowned temples in the thinkers who are in advance of their time; and these are most surely made to drink the wormwood and the gall.

Love is God, love for the truth, how often it has brought death! Every advance that the race has made has been through love's agony in Gethsemane's garden where alone, souls have struggled and yielded to the sacrifice that must come ere the wisdom could be gained that was needed to remove the evil which brought the suffering. But enough of this. When I catch glimpses of these innate truths that are in part shadowed forth by the religions, or forms of religion that have prevailed; my soul is aglow with wondering admiration; but when I see any class of people trying to monopolize them for the purpose of power and place, I feel that I cannot cut too close.

Convention of Spiritualists and Liberalists.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the State Association of Spiritualists and Liberalists will take place at Stuart's Hall and Hamlin's Opera House, Battle Creek, Michigan, commencing Wednesday, March 24th, and closing Sunday, March 28th. Some twenty-five or thirty of the most distinguished speakers and mediums are expected to be present. Mrs. Olie Childs Denslow and M. C. Vandercrook, assisted by the Battle Creek choir, will furnish singing for the occasion.

Railroads will give the following reduced rates: Northwestern Grand Trunk, 2 cents per mile each way; tickets good from March 22d to April 1st, inclusive. Grand Rapids and Indiana, at rate of one fare and a third for round-trip tickets, from March 22d to 31st inclusive. Michigan Central, 2 cents per mile each way, March 22d to 31st inclusive. Chicago and West Michigan, delegates will pay full fare going and 1 cent per mile on returning, if members of the State Association, with secretaries' endorsement on the card. Flint and Pere Marquette, round-trip tickets at the rate of 2 cents per mile.

The following hotel rates can be secured at Battle Creek during the Convention: Potter House, \$1.25 per day; American House, \$1 per day; meals under the Opera House, all hours, at 15 cents per meal.

Committee of Arrangements, Battle Creek:—A. A. Whitney, (Chairman); G. S. Cole, Dr. J. V. Spencer, R. B. Cumming, Abner Hitchcock, Mrs. F. Brooks, Mrs. Horace Clark, Mrs. L. E. Bailey, Mrs. A. J. Fishback, and Mrs. John Estelle. B. F. Stamm, L. S. Burdick, Mrs. L. E. Bailey, Directors. Dr. A. Spinney, President. Miss J. R. Lane, Secretary.

This is expected to be one of the largest meetings ever held by this Society in the State. Certificates may be had by writing to either the President or Secretary of the State Association. B.

Letter from Peter Ogden.

PRIMA, Feb. 23, M. S. 32.

Editor Mind and Matter:

We have had Harry Bastian at our house, 618 Main street, and held several seances. At first a dark circle was formed in the usual manner. As soon as the lights were put out musical instruments began to play; the music-box and other instruments were carried around the room in all directions by unseen power, and all the while keeping the most perfect time. Johnny Gray and other spirits spoke to us in a loud voice and gave us some good advice. Some of the spirits were speaking in French to their friends in this circle. All being impatient for materialization, the dark circle was broken up, and the company were all seated, facing the cabinet, into which Harry Bastian, the medium, entered, having undergone an examination, by a committee, of the cabinet as well as his person, who reported all satisfactory. The lights were then lowered, so that it was a mellow twilight, every object in the room being visible; soon the spirits of different sexes, sizes and ages, fully materialized, came to salute gracefully the friends they came to see. Among the most favored of the company was Mrs. Pfeindler, who recognized her father and other friends. George Bowen, a baker, who formerly worked at Frank Fields' bakery, came materialized in his working clothes, viz: white cap and apron, and looked as if he was ready to go to work. Mr. F. B. Hubbard recognized him as a fellow-workman. Many other came and were recognized by different parties. Mrs. Mary E. Weeks has promised to come and stay a few weeks and give a sitting for tests here in Peoria.

Yours in the cause of truth and faith.

PETER OGDEN.

Hiram Bickford, Mifflin, Iowa Co., Wis., renewing subscription writes: "Go on with thy wall begun work—Wipe out all 'Spirit Enemies of Spiritualism,' and stand by and defend our true and tried mediums, and great will be they reward."

## MIND AND MATTER FREE CIRCLE.

ALFRED JAMES, MEDIUM.

MONDAY, Feb. 23, M. S. 32.

After an invocation the following questions were asked and answered:

Question. A Spiritualist some years ago was lamenting the increase of church building; a prominent Spiritualist leader remarked that he was glad of it—hoped they would go on building them, for they would all be wanted in time for expounding philosophy and science, and for educational purposes. Do not "the signs of the times" foreshadow the truth of that remark?

Answer. As a spirit control, here, is only valuable as far as it understands truth, so to give this a truthful answer would be almost impossible, unless I was infinitely clairvoyant. As I have no claims to infallibility, I have simply to say this, that in time, that which is a truth will eradicate error, but do not think for an instant, as Spiritualists, this can be achieved without a mighty combined effort on your part. The great difficulty in the way of the progression of Spiritualism is the divisions and jealousies of its own household, but if you will unite your efforts, you will probably soon see this question answered, but you will not succeed in turning these Cathedrals and God-houses into schools of philosophy, science and spiritual training, without unity among yourselves.

Q. After Spiritualism, what? I answer nothing. —Do you see or know anything beyond Spiritualism? Is not this the last and best of all the isms?

A. A truth is always open to extension. I might say that Spiritualism promises and I think will achieve some of the highest aspirations and inspirations of the human race, but I cannot say there can not be promulgated a philosophy that will open up greater possibilities than even Spiritualism will do. But I might answer you with the text of Jesus, only not applied exactly in his words. Sufficient for the day is the good thereof. Therefore build wisely, economize all the good there is in your day, and you will lay the foundation of a philosophy upon which the highest archangel will be proud to rest.

Q. A young enthusiastic preacher down town has converted a thousand souls to Christ. What will those poor souls see and think when they wake up on your side?

A. The realities of spirit-life are only to be found upon entering that state. Judgment there, all spirits who are enlightened realize, rests not upon your belief. This question comes home to each of you in the following manner: Will a belief in Jesus Christ make better men and women of you? If it does, then I say let us not be harsh, for out of error comes good. But then you will say: "An erroneous belief cannot help but lead to disastrous results." It is true; but, nevertheless, it has this application to real life, that these people, with such belief, it will perhaps place a restraint upon—i. e., a restraint from evil. If it does this, it has accomplished some good. These conversions, as a general rule, are simply the result of magnetic influence, and they are as transient as the cloud passing over the surface of the sun; but if it develops the least particle of morality in them, it is of benefit. It is hard for us to stand in judgment upon these people, because they have not enough force within themselves to lean upon their own manhood or womanhood. The weak plant needs propping up. So I will say in conclusion on this question, that many and various are the roads that lead to true spiritual progression.

Q. What does George Washington think of the celebration of his birth-day?

A. All men that have lived in times that are past received a great deal more of sympathy and adulation after death than they received in their mortal life. It is said (and truly said) that seven of the most celebrated cities of ancient Greece

"Claimed Homer dead,

Through which the living Homer begged his bread." The longer a man is dead, the more he rises in the estimation of some people. That George Washington did much for the liberty of this country no one can deny; but that he was in any sense a better man than many that are living to-day, is pure human folly. He cannot help but look down with pride upon what his efforts have done for the cause of mankind; but he by no means in his day had the faintest glimpse of what would result from his labor; and there are many to-day who think and act wiser than they know of. As far as I know of the gentleman named, I think he can not help but rest happy on his well-earned laurels.

Q. Is utility the basis of morality?

A. This question is one that is disputed. One side, holding there can be no morality without utility; the other side claiming utility too base a thing to place along side of morality. But I am inclined to the belief, and I might say knowledge, that morality would be useless unless utilized, because we utilize it every day. It is much easier to claim or lay down for yourself a high code of morals than it is to live up to the same. Morality has advanced and progressed faster than anything else; but it has not been put in practice. If it had been, there would have been much happiness to-day amidst humanity.

Spiritualist all claim to be humanitarians. Let us analyze them and see if they live up to their humanitarian principles. I think I can say it safely, that there is as much discord and inharmonious amongst Spiritualists as there is amongst any other class of people. Now for the proof. It lies right here, in the fact that every person becoming a Spiritualist wishes to rise to the position of a ruler. In fact Spiritualism develops a strong individuality; and it is best that it is so at present, for we need thinkers, not followers. Let us therefore reason together harmoniously, and if we cannot agree in every particular, let us at least part friends, remembering that every one sees things from their own individual standpoint. Morality, therefore, can only be utilized as much as your environments and circumstances will allow—no matter how high your code of morals may be, if you cannot put them in daily practice. Therefore try to make utility the basis of morality.

Q. Can men, who are wealthy, and who neglect to make their fellow-men happy by giving them employment be considered charitable—be considered humanitarian—be considered Spiritualists?

A. In answer to this question, I would say this—the only way to come to a correct conclusion upon it is to take the motto of Chas. Reade's novel, "Put Yourself in His Place." Imagine, for an instant, that you had ever such good designs toward human beings. You are a wealthy man. If you want to remain wealthy you must study your own interest, and in the public sociological relations, it is impossible to be governed by your feelings. You must be governed by your interest. Therefore wealthy men must not be condemned

too hastily. They might do more perhaps, without infringing upon their own rights, but they could by no means part with their wealth, because they have got what always comes with wealth, an interior selfishness. Wealth always begets this. I have never known it to fail. The man that has much, wants more; and until wealth is restricted and limited to a certain sum there will always be injustice. There are many Christians and many Spiritualists who are ardent propagators of their respective causes, providing you do not touch their pocket books. In fact the loudest praying brother—the most zealous Spiritualist—is the one that least likes to part with his or her dollars; but we will have to excuse them on the ground that we want zeal as well as money. And as for the wealthy employing the poor, they could do so to a certain extent, providing they felt like so doing, but who is to be the power, or where is the power to rest that can force a man to act against his own will. As long as monopoly reigns, just that long poverty will be on the increase. It is wisely ordered by the great "I am," that he has filled this world full of everything that is necessary to sustain life; but when men make laws that allow them to rob each other, they will have to stand the result.

Q. Is Jesus Christ positively a myth?

A. As, in the mortal life, I was a divine, and taught the Christian religion; I have been accused by persons since I have been acting as the control for answering questions here of dodging these theological questions. I will now say, in answer to this question, that I do not think it a proper one to advance Spiritualism. Why? Because mankind has not yet advanced enough to hear the whole truth; and some investigator—some inquirer into Spiritualism—may be here to-day, and if I answer this question so as to shock his prejudice, or hers, I may lose the power to win one soul from error to immortal truth, therefore I think I am justified in saying that I will not answer this question.

WILLIAM C. BETTS.

GOOD AFTERNOON.—I have listened to all that has been said here to-day, and I am glad that I have come here. As I was a newspaper man, I'll be brief, for "brevity is the soul of wit."

I went to spirit-life believing in Jesus Christ. I have not found him, and I don't blame the former speaker for the answer he gave, because he is a regular here and I am an irregular. Policy is a good thing, but truth is a good deal better. I have seen millions in spirit seeking for this Jesus and I have never yet come across any one that has found him. I am sorry for the poor souls, but I can't help them. I have found this: Spirit-life is a good deal like this life, every man and woman has to scratch for themselves. You will excuse my Western style. I am a blunt man, no extra polish. I never laid claim to being a gentleman, but I do lay claim to being a worker (this was said with great emphasis). I don't think anything of these fellows with their lily-white hands, but I do like to take an honest hard-handed son of toil by the hand, and I think there are more spirits ruined in the after-life, by having been taught that labor was more degrading than anything else I know of. Teach your children that labor is not a curse, but a blessing, and you will make honorable men and women of them here, and happy spirits hereafter. I thank you kindly. To my friends in Muscatine, Iowa, I want to say, this is from their old friend, Wm. C. Betts, of the Muscatine Tribune. I thank you for keeping this place open.

MRS. F. H. DARLING.

GOOD DAY.—I died by my own hand. Never commit suicide. You are placed here for a purpose. Fulfill it. You will gain nothing but unhappiness by suicide. I am very weak. I am very weak. I can hardly send word to my husband in Naper City, California. Tell him to take care of the children. I am recovering. I am gradually getting nearer to the true light—that light is this: The Infinite, in his love, pities, but damns none. All has been dark, but she (a sister of mine) is showing me more light.

MRS. F. H. DARLING,  
Naper City, Cal.

HARRIET PERKINS.

GOOD AFTERNOON.—It is good to be a spirit. It is grand to have this knowledge of the spirit-life. It enables you, when you reach the spirit side, to become a missionary to those who have not had the chances you had to learn the truth of spirit life. There is no knowledge, either in this life or the next, that can equal that of the true Spiritualists. It is good to live by—and perfectly grand to die by. At least I have found it so. It has enabled me to pluck my own orthodox relations and friends out of the mire and place them upon sound spirit ground. It has enabled me to make up a joyful spirit home. It has enabled me to have a reunion in the short period of years I have been a spirit, that is far ahead of many spirits over here who have been here a thousand years.

Think of that! Think of what you save by coming back here to promulgate such truth as my spirit experiences enable me to give. Before I go, I would say just a few words on the subject of materializations. I know that materialization is a fact, because I have been back here, and conversed with my earth friends in two different places, and therefore I would say condemn not until you have investigated honestly. As for my family, they have seen their relatives and friends and they will recognize this test from me.

HARRIET PERKINS,  
Lowell, Mass.

WILLIAM STANLEY.

GOOD AFTERNOON.—In this earth-life I was a "Hard-shelled" Baptist, and one of the hardest kind. Well, what have you got to say for yourself? I was an old man, full 76 years of age, and a man that was just in my dealings, but never killed myself with generosity. This place is a confessional. It is useless to come here expect to correct and benefit mortals by your spirit experiences; but there is this to be said, that a man or woman is the creation of their own circumstances and surroundings. As I was born a Baptist, reared a Baptist and died one, it was natural to suppose that I would have liked to have held on to this belief, if I found it to be true; but, unfortunately, upon arriving in the Baptist Heaven I found its limits were too narrow for me. I was too much restricted and I desired liberty. When a man enters the spirit-life, if he is of an inquiring mind, the scales drop off his eyes, and he begins to see that all religions and all God ideas are man made articles. In fact, there is no place like the spirit-life for waking up reason. It may lie dormant here, but when it gets over there you become

tired of monotony and the dry rot kills you out. So, to my old friends, if this ever reaches them, I hope it will make thinkers out of them, for if they don't think here they will think they have struck a yellow jacket's nest, on the other side. I have not been long in spirit, but long enough to find out the truth. When I was here I was a plain blunt farmer, so I come back to tell as much truth as I know in my own style. You may put my name down at the bottom of this as

WM. STANLEY,  
Marple, Del. Co., Penna.

DAVID BURR.

GOOD AFTERNOON.—As I always liked to begin with a text, I will begin with this one: "Many are called, but few are chosen." And I'll put my own construction on this; it is this: Thousands are called, day by day, to worship the orthodox God Jesus; but few are chosen, or choose, to follow the great Infinite God—Reason. Priests, ministers and political bums are the ruin of this country; (rather hard, but nevertheless true). The principal point of men's lives, now-a-days, seems to be, to get a living without giving any equivalent for it. Herein lies all your troubles. You have so much mental culture—so many poor ladies and gentlemen—that the prospect is very bad for the next generation. When here, I was poor; but I earned my living honestly. I died without owing any man one cent; and I am well satisfied that I might have been a thinker, if I had ever had any chance; but before I leave to-day, I wish to address you upon the outgrowth of your mortal life upon the spirit one. I wish to show you clearly that to give your children a trade is the duty of every father and mother. Half of the wretched lives I have met in spirit, and heard the experiences of, has been because they have never been raised to any industrial pursuit. It is far better your children should have hard hands and honest hearts than become poor ladies and gentlemen. Think on this; take it home; advocate it wherever you go. It will save you much misery as parents. My spirit surroundings and life is just sufficient for my wants as a spirit; and when I have become clear of my earthly affluence, I shall have no reason, no cause, but that I should join in thanksgiving to a God of Infinite Love, and not Fear. And this point is one of the best inculcations of Modern Spiritualism; that you have a God who loves you all and seeks your happiness. All you have to do is steer your bark through life as conscientiously and as honestly as possible, and you need have no fears for the future.

I hardly think it worth while to send word to my relatives and friends, because they are all so bigoted, so wrapped up in their religious prejudices, I think it will take a little of that fire to waken them up.

DAVID BURR,  
West Port, Conn.

John Wetherbee's Letter from Boston.

I have been wanting sometime to write something for the MIND AND MATTER, so as not to be forgotten by its readers, or by it, but being somewhat pacifically disposed constitutionally, I felt timid, fearing I could not put snap enough into my story to rhyme with its general aggressiveness. I do not dislike aggression, am always glad when one inclines to move to the front, though I am a rear chap myself. I suppose, however, a letter on "Hub" matters, in their connection with Spiritualism, will find a place and a reader in your more or less warlike but readable paper.

We have had a real treat at the Parker Memorial meetings in the discourses the past two months, from the distinguished controls of Mrs. Richmond, Swedenborg, Ballou, Dr. Benjamin Rush, George Thompson, Dr. Gardner, Thomas Paine and others, the closing one to-day from William Ellery Channing. Wasn't it magnificent, said Bro. A. E. Giles, at its close, who sat beside me. I think Thomas Paine's, on last Sunday, was very remarkable, the author of the "Age of Reason" giving us the age of intuition. Most of these efforts have been quite characteristic of the claimed authors, and all of them very interesting and very instructive.

One of the interesting side features during Mrs. Richmond's sojourn here, have been the frequent social gatherings intended as complimentary to this speaker, a disposition among the leading Spiritualists to show her attention. I have been so fortunate as to be present at many of them, the artistic and intellectual compensation was on her side more than the several parties who invited her; she, of course, was the entertainer, that was expected, but how beautiful to gather a parlor full of congenial spirits, in the flesh, including this speaker, and complimentary to her, and find her making an angelic presence vivid, for no one could have listened to her on these rich occasions without feeling himself in the presence of a host of invisibles. This expression may not convey my idea exactly, for Spiritualists have learned to recognize the fact, at least, that—

"There are more guests at table than the hosts  
Invited; this illumined hall  
Is thronged with quiet, inoffensive ghosts,  
As silent as the pictures on the wall."

But on these occasions there is an unusual accent to the fact, so that even the semi-believers more or less realize it.

When the guests have gathered and after a little soothing music, Mrs. Richmond becomes rapt in her obliviousness and with soft eyes, a little bereft of their speculation, looking into or perhaps beyond vacancy, with rare grace and dignity and in the most fitting language, invites sociability, or conversation as she expresses it, which means in my experience at these gatherings, questions from persons present, which are answered in *extenso* by the power behind this throne or medium greater than the throne itself. I feel that I am stating a literal, as well as a poetic fact, when I say this and one which all will agree to, for the questions are often very deep and those which people are always asking of themselves and rarely answered, but her responses are apt, eloquent and masterly. Take our best scholars and thinkers and they pale by the side of what comes so spontaneously, deliberately and eloquently from her. Eloquent and instructive as this lady is on the platform, in a room with a score or two of appreciative souls she is wonderful.

I suppose from long association with this subject and its leadings no one realizes more literally than I do the fact of a spirit environment, and that in a hall or a room, with twenty or one hundred visible faces, there are many more invisible ones who more or less see us. I feel as sure of the one as I do of the other. I think, as I have already said, that when this lady is thus acting the pythones in the way I am describing, all present feel and realize more distinctly the fact of intelligent spirit surroundings, and if it was proper for Pollock to say in beautiful verse, "The chamber

where the good man meets his fate is privileged beyond the common walks of life, quite to the verge of heaven," it is proper for us who teach, "there is no death," to say the same of these soul-lifting occasions.

After spending an hour or more in this conversational way the control changes and the lady is controlled by an Indian girl called Ouina, who, in simplicity of manner, opens her glad lips, or the mediums, welcomes us and we hear, and she seems to be bottled or incarnated poetry; and every body in the room who has not had an experience take their turn in the seat before her; and listen to a few stanzas of improvised poetry adapted to the person, and ending with a fitting floral or sentimental name; the two phases, the questions and the improvisations generally use up the evening. She has continued this for several years without any diminution of power or interest. When at home, I understand about once a week she has them, while here they were constant. My first experience was last year; this year I have seen more of it, and can only say these entertainments are masterly, and blessed are they who have the opportunity of being present.

When I began this letter of "hub" matters, I had two or three things at my pen's end, but I have used up all my space with Mrs. Richmond, so I will have to leave them till another time. We have had some commotion among the "heads" of our order, whom the M. D.'s call quacks, and the State house has heard, or the committee having charge of the "Doctor's bill" have heard, some wholesome truths, and the doctors too. And the general impression is, the petitioners will have leave to withdraw, and Massachusetts will not at present take a step in the direction of night. Still the petitioners are formidable, for they have the religious and many of the high-cock-a-lorums among their names. How hard bigotry dies.

It is the general impression here that the Rev. Joseph Cook, in his remarks in his Monday's lecture on Modern Spiritualism, has left the door open, and some may go in that otherwise would not. He has told a world of people, who have never listened before, that the German professors, who have discovered that the "manifestations" are facts, and not tricks, are worthy of attention. Whether he (Mr. Cook) believes them spirits or otherwise, is a matter of no consequence. All Spiritualists ever want is the admission; by intelligent outsiders, that they "know beans" when they see them.

Mr. Cook has done good service without knowing it, and his remarks are very suggestive. I almost wish I had taken up the subject I am now ending with, instead of what I have written, but it is too late now; perhaps the spirits will move me another time. If so, I shall move, for I feel they know better than I do what I or they are about.

## Platform of the National Liberal League.

1. TOTAL SEPARATION OF CHURCH AND STATE, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment of the United States Constitution, including the equitable taxation of church property, secularization of the public schools, abrogation of Sabbatarian laws, abolition of chaplaincies, prohibition of public appropriations for religious purposes, and all other measures necessary to the same general end.

2. NATIONAL PROTECTION FOR NATIONAL CITIZENS, in their equal, civil, political and religious rights, irrespective of race or sex, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment of the United States Constitution, and afforded through the United States courts.

3. UNIVERSAL EDUCATION THE BASIS OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE in this secular republic, to be secured under present laws and proper legislation, and finally to be guaranteed by amendment to the United States Constitution, requiring every State to maintain a thoroughly secularized public school system, and to permit no child within its limits to grow up without a good elementary education.

H. L. GREEN, Ch'rm Ex. Com.,  
Salamancas, N. Y.

## Testimonial.

NEWFIELD, New Jersey.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

RESPECTED SIR:—Finding, by your valuable and instructive paper, that you are the true friend of all good and sincere mediums, I take the liberty of presenting to your notice one of more than ordinary ability. I am a Spiritualist in the general sense of the word, but must own I had not the most exalted opinion of professional mediums in general, hence was unwilling to consult any one in the healing art. I have, however, been a great sufferer, for over a year, from a complication of diseases, suffering from indigestion and other infirmities, which had reduced me to the last stage of endurance.

Finding the old-school physicians could not help me, my husband insisted on my consulting a good spiritual medium, and was advised to see Mrs. Dr. Jennings of Vineland. To be brief, I will say, after being under her care for a few months, I find myself quite another creature, and for a person advanced in years, (being over sixty-six years of age), I am comparatively a well woman. For the benefit of suffering humanity, and in justice to a very worthy woman, I ask your kind assistance in bringing her merits before the public. Mrs. J. can be consulted in person or by letter. Her address is, "Mrs. Jennings, M. D., Vineland, N. J." It may be well to add that her husband is an old practitioner of many years' standing, and is of great assistance to Mrs. Jennings, in compounding medicines and otherwise carrying out her plans for the benefit of patients.

Believe me, sir, with every assurance of profound respect, I am truly yours,

MRS. E. LLOYD.

Mrs. A. C. Kenyon, of Eau Claire, Wis., writes: "Please accept my sincere thanks for the receipt of the beautiful engravings, 'Homeward,' 'Dawning Light' and 'Orphans' Rescue.' The design, execution and conception of which far exceeds anything I expected; they are admired by all who see them. I am greatly your debtor for so valuable a premium for obtaining new subscribers; but I feel that their possession will aid further effort on my part to extend the circulation of your valuable paper. To-day I send you one more. May your life long be spared to combat error and promulgate the grand and glorious truths of Spiritualism. Beware of the cowardly enemies, they are legion that are making such strenuous efforts to destroy you. I fear the fate of our brave Lincoln may befall you. May God forbid the last resort of a cowardly foe."

## MIND AND MATTER.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, M. S. 32.

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## PUBLICATION OFFICE.

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J. M. ROBERTS PUBLISHER AND EDITOR.

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In writing to the departed, the spirit should be always addressed by full name and the relation they bear the writer, and one sealing the response. Seal your letters properly, but not stick them, as it defaces the writing matter. The letters, to secure attention, must be written in the English language.

## Office Regulations and Requirements.

One Seance of an hour, with one person in his presence, \$3.00  
One 1/2 hour. 3.00

## Mind and Matter Free Circle.

We will, on Monday afternoon next, at 3 o'clock, have a free public circle at this office, which will be continued weekly on Monday afternoons at the same hour until further notice, at which Alfred James will sit as the medium. A portion of the time will be given to the answering of questions by the controlling spirits.

## COL. JOHN C. BUNDY'S EXPERIENCES WITH AN "EXPOSED MEDIUM."

We learn from the last number of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal* that its editor, Col. Bundy, had made a pilgrimage East, in order to learn what was the matter, in that centre of the world's knowledge, with himself and his peculiar way of showing his love for truth in connection with Spiritualism. He had been so long trying his best to raise a dust about him, supposing that he would thereby conceal his secret purpose to betray the cause of Spiritualism, by rendering it as loathsome and odious as it was possible for him to do; that his spiritual vision had become almost destroyed, and he came East to obtain such help, as he could, from those spiritual doctors, who had done what they could to encourage him to persevere in his dust-raising performances.

His first point of destination was the city of Brooklyn, the only point in all this broad land where Col. Bundy can find persons, calling themselves Spiritualists, presumptuous enough and mean enough to form an organization to war upon spiritual mediums. These so-called Spiritualists are, to a man and woman, to be found in an association of persons called the "Brooklyn Fraternity," of which S. B. Nichols is President. This society was formed just in time to receive Col. Bundy, and it would look very much as if it was the result of the unwillingness of the Spiritual Society of Brooklyn to be used for such an ignoble purpose as the reception of Col. Bundy. At any rate, one of the first acts of the new association was to tender him and Mrs. Bundy a reception, which he lost no time in accepting. To show how nearly that chance of bringing himself into notice had come to escaping him, read the following from the pen of Col. Bundy. He says:

"For six months past we have been daily on the watch for the propitious time, when, accompanied by the woman to whom we are indebted for more than seventeen years of happy married life, and to whose active daily assistance in the office for the past three years a goodly proportion of the success of the *Journal* is due, we could take a trip through the principal Eastern cities. One morning in January the consummation of our desire seemed as far from fulfillment as ever, when suddenly we felt that mysterious flush which we have long since come to recognize as from the spirit-world, and instantly all seemed ready for the journey."

"Arriving in Brooklyn on the morning of the 30th [January] we at once sought the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Nichols, whom such a hearty welcome was given us that it will ever be remembered. \* \* \* In the evening we spent several hours most happily at the public reception of the Brooklyn Fraternity, tendered us before leaving home," &c.

We have italicized those expressions of Colonel Bundy which shows how long and anxiously he awaited the organization of the "Brooklyn Fraternity" and the tendering of the reception by that organization. This was "the propitious time" which was so long delayed for Col. Bundy. That this association, especially instituted, to help Col. B. to divide Spiritualists, and thereby to defeat that harmony and union so necessary to the progress of Spiritualism, should have avoided identifying itself with Spiritualism, so far as its title is concerned, is an act of consistency that is as surprising as it is appropriate. The title, "The Brooklyn Fraternity," at once raises the question as to what kind of a fraternity it is that this association represents. All that we have been able to learn about it is expressed in the past actions of its President, S. B. Nichols, and its guest Col. Bundy. That these men love one another, as much as such men are capable of loving any person, is highly probable, for they seem naturally congenial in their tastes and practices; but that they have any love for the true and faithful spiritual media, for the pure and disinterested friends and helpers of such media, or for the spirit intelligences, forces and powers that are controlling and directing the movement known as Modern Spiritualism, we know is not the case, from all their actions and proceedings. It was therefore most proper that this society should have discarded Spiritualism in selecting its name.

We will barely allude to two other things, in Col. Bundy's awkward explanation of the causes that sent him to Brooklyn, and then pass on to show, what we set out to do, the unfairness, if not the dishonesty of Col. Bundy, as a man and journalist. Col. B., in the worst possible taste, invites public attention to his domestic felicity, when no one, so far as we know, has ever raised a question

on that head. Had he not provoked the observation, we would not have seen the significance of his unfortunate baldness. If ever a good crop of hair would be of inestimable value to a man, it seems to us, it would be in the case of Col. Bundy, whose cranium, in its coronal portion, is so deficient as to amount to a phrenological deformity. The other point to which we invite attention is the claim, on the part of Col. Bundy, that he is a medium and under the guidance and supervision of influences exerted upon him from the spirit world. This we believe, and therefore feel the deepest sympathy and pity for Col. Bundy in his having been led, by those influences, into doing so many things that he will sometime deeply regret. Col. Bundy is undoubtedly the spiritual medium that he claims to be, and is controlled by a class of spirits who have an undying hatred for all mediums that they cannot use to gratify their love of dominion over the minds and souls of their fellow beings. Experience has taught us, quite thoroughly, that the mental and psychical attributes of mediums draw to them those spirits who find themselves in most perfect rapport with them. This rule, or rather law of spirit attraction, is sufficient to account for all, the otherwise, incomprehensible proceedings of Col. Bundy, in connection with Modern Spiritualism. Col. B. has a development of basal brain out of all proportion to the frontal and coronal regions of it and is therefore of a naturally selfish disposition. Comparatively deficient in mental and moral force, he is governed in his judgment and actions by the selfish propensities of his brain. It is, therefore, quite natural that he should attract to him the selfish and grasping influences that seek to use him for their purposes. We yet hope that Col. B. can be brought to realize this pregnant fact, and that he will have the power to break the chains that have held him the subservient tool of the Spirit Enemies of Spiritualism in their war upon Spiritual media.

From Brooklyn Col. Bundy found his way to Boston, where for three days he remained without so much as venturing to interview his Boston rivals, Colby and Rich, of the *Banner of Light*. In order to let Spiritualists know what kind of a Spiritualist Col. Bundy is, and with what class of spiritual barnacles he affiliates and associates hear him tell his own story. He says:

"The first person to greet us on arriving in the city" (Boston) "was that indefatigable investigator and genial good fellow, E. Gerry Brown, who, having spent all his money and several years time in trying to place Spiritualism in Boston upon a higher plane, and who, for want of sufficient capital, was obliged to suspend the publication of the *Spiritual Scientist*, is now doing well as a partner in the publication of the *Bunker Hill Times*, published in Charlestown."

Spiritualists, what do you think of that most gratuitous and deliberate insult to Luther Colby of the *Banner of Light*. Think of it! E. Gerry Brown spending "all his money in trying to place Spiritualism on a higher plane in Boston," than it occupied under the ministrations of the Gardeners, the Dotens, the Storers, to say nothing of the sleepless labors of our good brother Luther Colby. E. Gerry Brown spend all his money, in any such superfluous work!! And how much was "all his money?" "Hah, hah! hah, hah! Well that is rich to be sure. We were well aware that E. Gerry Brown spent a large amount of other people's money in his worse than fruitless effort to supplant the *Old Banner* in Boston and that his creditors would be glad to have some of it returned to them; but we judge they will see it done when E. Gerry Brown changes his nature, and not before. If we were his partner in the *Bunker Hill Times* we should confidently look for its collapse. It is an old but true adage, "Birds of a feather flock together," and if Col. Bundy and E. Gerry Brown are not "birds of a feather," we would like to know where they are to be found. It is not a little significant that Col. B. should, in the fulness of his heart, allow his tongue to betray its secret. That allusion to the fact that E. Gerry Brown had spent "all his money" in a vain attempt to place Spiritualism on a higher plane in Boston, is only too suggestive of the condition in which Col. Bundy finds himself. He, three years ago, undertook the preposterous job of placing Spiritualism in this country on a higher plane than the spirit-world had placed it on; and if Col. Bundy has not spent all his money, and other people's too, that he could get hold of, and to no purpose, we are very much mistaken; that is all.

But now let us proceed to see what little game of intrigue brought these congenial enemies of spiritual mediums together. We will let Col. Bundy make his confession through MIND AND MATTER. He says:

"A seance with Mrs. Pickering was greatly desired by us, and recollecting that Bro. Brown (E. Gerry Brown) had made most thorough and satisfactory experiments with her, we solicited his aid in arranging for a private seance for us. He found the medium quite ill, suffering from a severe cold; without informing Mr. and Mrs. Pickering for whom it was desired, we having failed to instruct him specifically on that point, he sought to arrange for a seance on the following evening. They expressed grave doubts about its being possible in the precarious condition of the medium; but Mr. Brown persisting, they agreed to give him a definite answer in the morning. On reporting progress and that he had not felt authorized to give our name, we expressed regret he had not done so, as we desired them to be fully acquainted with the whole affair and to act intelligently. Calling on the medium Friday morning, the 6th inst., he found her feeling very ill, and in the judgment of herself and husband, unable to give the seance, especially in view of the fact that Saturday evening was the regular advertised night for a public seance; after getting this expression from them he then informed them for whom the seance was desired, when at once they both affirmed they would give it, whatever the result might be, either on the health of the medium or the manifestations, and judging no doubt from their knowledge of the *Journal*, that he editor desired only such manifestations as could be produced under conditions that would render a record of them of scientific value. Mr. and Mrs. Pickering proposed that the medium should sit outside the cabinet, and in full view of the observers."

Can any intelligent person read that account of those negotiations and not perceive that it was Col. Bundy's purpose to secure a private sitting for himself, through E. Gerry Brown, without letting

Mr. and Mrs. Pickering know that Brown's principal was Col. Bundy? Every part of that statement shows that it was their purpose to treat Mr. and Mrs. Pickering dishonestly and unfairly, and to take advantage of them by Col. Bundy concealing his identity from them. Why they should have so acted is very plain. If Mr. and Mrs. Pickering consented to give the private seance, asked for, and manifestations should occur that would vindicate Mrs. Pickering against the charges of fraud that Col. Bundy had falsely published against her in the *Journal*, he would remain silent and thus escape the necessity of testifying in behalf of Mrs. Pickering. If she gave the seance under circumstances that would enable him to publish anything to her prejudice, he would do that. If she refused to give the seance he would then publish that Mrs. Pickering was afraid to give him the seance, and he could thus place her in the wrong. That he hoped to accomplish this is manifest from the persistency with which his coadjutor and agent, E. Gerry Brown, urged the granting of the seance when he found that Mrs. Pickering was "quite ill," at the time he first called upon her and Mr. Pickering; and his renewed importunities the next morning when he found Mrs. Pickering "very ill, and in the judgment of herself and husband, unable to give the seance." It was not until E. Gerry Brown, representing Col. Bundy, found that Mr. and Mrs. Pickering would not consent to give the seance, that he dared to disclose the fact that his principal was Col. Bundy, and he would not have done it then but that these intriguers thought they would make the point against Mr. and Mrs. Pickering that they had refused to give Col. Bundy the seance he pretended to seek.

Smart as these intriguers thought themselves, they were caught in their own trap. Mr. and Mrs. Pickering saw, in a moment, when Col. Bundy's name was mentioned, the snare that these enemies were setting, and they resolved at whatever risk to the medium, to make it swing the trappers instead of the game. Sick as was Mrs. Pickering, she and Mr. Pickering both at once accepted, and Col. John C. Bundy, the cunning editor of the *Jesuit Organ* was enmeshed in the net of his own preparing.

But what are we to think of the heartless brutality of Bundy and Brown in urging a woman who was, as they admit, very ill, to give them a seance that would so severely tax her health. What must have been the chagrin of these baffled plotters when they found themselves being hunted instead of enjoying the chase. The result of this bungling attempt at Jesuitism was that Col. Bundy found himself compelled to publish facts in the *R.-P. Journal*, that shows Mrs. Pickering not only to be a genuine medium, but a most remarkable medium, notwithstanding his previous efforts to discredit her as such, by publishing the falsehoods that his Jesuit allies manufactured for that purpose. We most gladly publish, in full, the unwilling testimony of Col. Bundy in behalf of Mrs. Pickering. Here it is:

"Accordingly in the evening we called at 36 East Springfield street, where Mr. and Mrs. Pickering are located, and were received with courteous welcome by Mr. Pickering, who invited our careful scrutiny of the cabinet and seance room. The cabinet is the same pattern heretofore described in the *Journal*, and consists of black cambric curtains hung in the corner of the room against the solid brick wall on one side and a plaster partition on the other; across the front and about seven feet from the floor a small wooden hoop is sprung in, from which are suspended cotton velvet curtains; the top is also covered with dark goods. The outside front is decorated with lace hangings, and altogether the cabinet presents a neat, attractive appearance. We made a critical examination of the cabinet as well of the walls, baseboard and floor, and felt satisfied there were no arrangements for assisting the manifestations. Everything being in readiness, the friends, who had been invited to witness the manifestations, were seated in a line running diagonally across the room. Among those who aided us in observing the manifestations were Major Downing, of Concord, N. H.; Mr. E. Gerry Brown, Hon. Chas. Houghton; Mrs. J. E. Potter, and several other ladies and gentlemen, whose names have escaped our memory."

Pardon me for pausing here to call attention to the fact that this large party of men and women were called in by Col. Bundy and E. Gerry Brown, his kelpier, to aid the former in observing the manifestation. Col. Bundy could not observe the manifestations, without that large number of assistants, he would have you believe. Do you believe him? Remember, Mrs. Pickering was very ill, and only gave that seance to prevent Col. Bundy from misrepresenting her further than he had done; yet himself and Brown would ask Mrs. Pickering to face that crowd of persons, unfriendly to her, sick as she was, and at the peril of her health, if not her life, to vindicate her mediumship. It is impossible to infer anything else than that these designing men intended one of two things; either to utterly prevent the manifestations, or, if they failed in this, to use violence with any spirit forms that might appear. This outrageous design will clearly appear before we are through. Col. Bundy proceeds to say:

"Everything being in readiness, the medium was led in from an adjoining room and introduced. She was evidently suffering severely," (italics ours) "and ought, in justice to herself, to have been in bed rather than attempting to give a seance. A heavy wooden centre-table, with a number of musical instruments lying thereon, having been placed within the cabinet and the curtains closed, the medium seated herself, facing the audience on the outside of and near the cabinet, but in contact therewith. She was seated on a plain cane-seated chair, her feet resting on a hassock, and hands

clasped in her lap. The gas was turned off and a kerosene lamp lighted and placed behind a blue cambric screen, about eight feet distant and to the side of the cabinet. The lamp was now turned down quite low, yet there was light enough to see the hands on our watch distinctly at a distance of about ten inches; her hands and feet were constantly under our notice during the entire seance. After about five minutes had been consumed, in a poor attempt at singing by the observer, and the medium having apparently passed to the trance state, the manifestations began by the projection of a large and perfectly formed hand and wrist through the aperture in the cabinet curtain, several feet distant from the medium's hands, which were plainly to be seen and immovable. During the seance this hand was exhibited eight times; quite a fair opportunity was thus had to observe its anatomy and general appearance; it was evidently guided by an intelligence, and took the slate from and returned it to Mr. Pickering on several occasions, with messages written thereon, the writing in the cabinet being loud and rapid. Handkerchiefs belonging to different visitors were taken by the materialized hand from Mr. Pickering and returned knotted; one was knotted, and after the seance found pinned to the curtain in the further corner of the cabinet. It is unnecessary to give all the details of the manifestations, consisting of the usual playing of musical instruments, etc., within the cabinet. At one time the light was turned up so that we could see the time by our watch at a distance of two feet, and manifestations occurred within the cabinet as usual, though the increased light seemed to seriously distress the apparently entranced medium. During the sitting the spirit controlling the medium plead often and persistently to be allowed to take the medium into the cabinet; but Mr. Pickering quietly declined to permit it, though most of the observers joined with the spirit in asking this to be done. The extreme anxiety of the spirits to get the medium into the cabinet was very marked, and the impression seemed to be with them that they would then be able to give a full form materialization, which would be exhibited in a good light. However, for our purpose the exhibition of the hand and the work performed by it was completely satisfactory and under the conditions, with the medium in full view, demonstrated beyond all question the power of materialization. As a mere show the seance was not of startling interest; but as an experiment affording results of scientific value, it was eminently satisfactory. We desire here to expressly call the attention of our readers to what we have repeatedly said before, viz: that every seance should be judged on its own merits, and the manifestations should be observed under such conditions, that whatever may have occurred in the past, or may take place in the future, the record of the manifestations shall be impregnable and beyond all cavil. Only in this way can a record be of any value, and no other should be published. We further desire to expressly state that in the foregoing account we are expressing no opinion on any other seance than the one we witnessed and predicate nothing as to the future."

There, dear reader, we ask you in all candor to judge the conduct of Col. Bundy in this plainly insinuated want of confidence in the mediumship of Mrs. Pickering, and in the personal honesty of herself and Mr. Pickering. Can this man have one particle of manhood or honesty in him? Is he a friend of Spiritualism? Is he not what we have over and over again charged him with being, and proved him to be, a most brutal and cowardly enemy of the media through whom the spirit-world are manifesting the truths of the after-life? What right has he to keep prating away about the dishonesty and untrustworthiness of mediums, he, a man that is incapable of approaching a medium with an honest motive or a perception of what is just? We commiserate the agony that Col. Bundy must have experienced in finding himself compelled to testify in favor of Mrs. Pickering, after having done all he could to injure and discredit her. The value of that unwilling testimony is not in the least weakened by his squirming efforts to wriggle out of the predicament in which he had placed himself. That Col. Bundy and E. Gerry Brown were completely baffled and foiled by spirit friends of the medium, in their design to get up another sensational exposure of a prominent and thoroughly established medium there cannot be a reasonable question, in view of their whole conduct, and the following attempt to display some crumbs of comfort in their discomfiture. Col. Bundy closes his manifestation of mortification and disappointment with the following silly allegations:

"During the seance an amusing little episode occurred; the spirit controlling the medium" (What spirit was that?) "purporting to be an Indian, said: 'We like that man; he all right; when he know a thing, he know it, but must be sure of it first, before he says he know it.'" (A very poor imitation of an Indian, truly!) "Upon inquiry the spirit said he referred to us, and certainly it was gratifying to find that though some of the well-known embodied spirits in Boston, fail to understand us, this unknown Indian had succeeded, and was frank enough to say so. Following the above remark by the Indian, was another from the same source, which was quite significant in several respects. 'Folks come here,' said the Indian, 'and tell medium not to let Bundy man come; he make trouble for medium; me said Bundy man shall come, he all right, he can't get medium into any more trouble than you did?' Mr. Pickering was evidently greatly chagrined at this, to him, indiscreet uncovering of a bit of secret history, and scolded the spirit for telling tales." (Reader, do you believe that?) "but, in our opinion, the Indian acted from a sense of justice and fair play and felt that both ourself and the company should know what influences were at work."

Now reader, see the inconsistency of Col. Bundy in appropriating, without a question, this manifest control of the medium by one of the familiar spirits that had attended him to that seance. All through his statement of what had previously taken place, Col. Bundy in referring to the condition of the medium, was very careful to say "the medium appeared to be entranced," but the moment anything occurred that he could use to the



## EDITORIAL BRIEFS.

Mrs. S. A. BYRNES is very acceptably filling the rostrum of the First Association of Spiritualists (an incorporated religious body), of this city, this month to good houses.

Dr. H. C. GORDON has recovered from his late illness, and has resumed his seances, which are held every Monday and Wednesday evenings and Tuesday afternoons. He will give slate-writing tests daily.

In order to show the value of MIND AND MATTER as an advertising medium, we need only mention the fact, in six weeks eleven hundred and fifty calls by mail have been made in response to "Red Cloud's" announcement of the work of "Blackfoot" and his band of Indian medicine men.

Dr. R. C. FLOWER will lecture Sunday afternoon (March 7th) for the Co-operative Association of Spiritualists, at 2 1/2 o'clock, at Assembly Buildings; corner Tenth and Chestnut streets, against Blasphemy, and define the religious blasphemer. Subject, 7 1/2 in the evening—"The way Christians follow Jesus, or an Inconsistent Profession." The crowds at these meetings are immense. You must come early, if you would get a seat.

Read the "Liberal Offers" made by our medium friends from all parts of the country, on the sixth page. It is very gratifying to know that our mediums are interested in the work in which we are engaged. One thing is certain, and that is, that all knowledge we have of an after-life must come through them. We have taken our stand among them as a co-worker, and we rise or fall with them.

We are pleased to hear again from our genial friend and correspondent, John Wetherbee. There is so much of the "milk of human kindness" flowing from his facile pen that it causes his readers to glow with sympathy in whatever he writes about. The tribute he pays to Mrs. L. Cora V. Richmond and her guides is well deserved. With such grand instruments of spirit communion in the field as Mrs. Richmond and our young friend, W. J. Colville, Spiritualism justly takes its place with the most advanced and cultivated, intellectual, moral and social movements of the times.

Mr. W. J. COLVILLE gave one of his Drawing Room Entertainments at the residence of Col. S. P. Kase, on the 3d inst., before a large assembly. The evening was spent by answering questions propounded by the guests. The answers given to the very numerous questions asked were prompt, clear and exhaustive of each subject. After more than an hour spent in that manner, Quina, the Indian guide of Mr. Colville, entertained the assembly with numerous most beautiful instructive and finely composed poetic improvisations. We were delighted to be present to enjoy this unusual mental treat.

THIRTY SECOND ANNIVERSARY.—The Spiritualists of Rochester, N. Y., will celebrate the Thirty-second Anniversary, Wednesday, March 31st, commencing at 10 A. M., continuing through the day and running until 9 o'clock, then closing with a social festival. Possibly the meeting may be protracted another day. Committees on Correspondence, Order of Business, Resolutions, and Decorations of the Academy of Music, have been appointed, and a pleasant and profitable time is anticipated. We should be glad to have Spiritualists and Liberalists from adjacent towns and elsewhere unite with us in this city, recognized the world over as the "Bethlehem of the New Dispensation." Inspirational speakers will be entertained free of expense, and arrangements will be made with houses of entertainment for others at reduced rates.

## THE LIBERAL LEAGUE NEWS.

The friends of the Liberal League movement should labor to give MIND AND MATTER a large circulation.

Mr. S. Hoag, of New York Mills, Oneida County, N. Y., is attempting to organize a Liberal League in his town. Spiritualists and other Liberals in the vicinity should co-operate with him.

The last League chartered up to date is No. 169, at Omro, Winnebago Co., Wis. This is the fifth League in the State. There should be twenty-five more organized during the next sixty days. Sallie M. Phillips is the Secretary of the Omro League.

The last mail brings me the news that a Liberal League of forty members has just been organized at Dallas, Texas, of which John Stone was elected President and Dr. D. Mackey, Secretary. This is the second League in Texas. The other is located at Harrisville. It is encouraging to see the movement extending into the Southern States.

Last week the Parkersburg West Virginia League, challenged the Christian ministers of that city to publicly debate the issues between them. The clergy in a lengthy communication declined, and the Secretary of the League in commenting on their declination says: "This reply is a tacit confession that the clergy know the creeds and dogmas of the church cannot stand the scrutinizing gaze of investigation and discussion."

Willis McDannald, of Walla Walla, Washington Territory writes: "There is a great many Liberals and Spiritualists on the Pacific coast, who with a little labor could be organized into Liberal Leagues, which would strengthen the cause materially." Mr. McDannald says they are much in need of Liberal speakers on the coast who favor the League movement. He requests blanks and instructions to be sent him to aid in organizing a League at Walla Walla.

I have just received an interesting report from Prof. H. M. Kottinger, of the proceedings of San Jose Liberal League, California. This League is made up of Spiritualists and Materialists, have held meetings every Sunday since they were organized September 17th, 1879. They have also weekly sociables at private houses, and have connected with the League a children's and young people's lyceum, that holds Sunday sessions. It

would be well for our cause if each of our one hundred and sixty-nine Leagues was doing as well. Prof. B. F. Underwood, delivered a lecture to an immense audience in Cleveland, Ohio, on the evening of February 25th. A large portion of the lecture was devoted to a defense of the National Liberal League Platform. The Cleveland Herald said of the lecture that it was an able and scholarly production, and that Prof. Underwood as a radical Liberal lecturer was second only to Col. Robert G. Ingersoll.

Hon. Charles S. Baker, member of Assembly from Monroe county, N. Y., has introduced into the New York State Legislature a bill to tax church property. Mr. Baker writes: "Prepare and send me your petitions and they will be considered by the House. The bill to tax church property seems to meet with general favor among a large majority, not only of the members of Assembly, but citizens generally." Every reader of MIND AND MATTER in New York State should immediately write to his or her representative in the Legislature, urging him to vote for this bill. Also, they should circulate petitions.

This is the way to organize an Auxiliary Liberal League. Draw up a paper like the following: "We, the undersigned residents of the Town of \_\_\_\_\_, in the State of \_\_\_\_\_, do hereby agree to be Charter Members of a Liberal League, Auxiliary to the National Liberal League, and pay the sum set opposite our respective names for the purpose of procuring a Charter for a League to be known as 'The \_\_\_\_\_ Liberal League of \_\_\_\_\_'."

That so soon as the Charter is obtained we agree to meet at the time and place designated by a majority of the following-named persons and perfect the organization of the League. We authorize the first person hereafter named to order our Charter and act as our Secretary until our permanent Secretary is elected.

Names. Residence. Am't paid. So soon as ten or more names are procured and five dollars paid in, the temporary Secretary will send the names and five dollars to A. L. Rawson, Sec'y N. L. L., 34 Bond street, New York city, who will return a charter properly executed, on which will be inscribed the names of the charter members. So soon as the charter is received the charter members should meet and organize. They can adopt such a constitution and by-laws as they choose, not conflicting with the National Liberal League Constitution. Necessary blanks and instructions for forming Leagues will be furnished by me gratis, on application with 3-cent stamp. Salamanca, N. Y., March 1st, 1880.

H. L. GREEN, Ch'm Ex. Com. N. L. L. P. S.—Later. Clayton Crosson, Union Star, Ky., writes: "This my opinion, Bro. Green, that the whole of Kentucky is ripe for organization, and all that is required is a little stirring up. What we need is a few Liberal lecturers." Mr. J. B. Armstrong writes from Ogdensburg, N. Y., for instructions to form a League there. H. L. G.

## A New Materializing Medium in Providence, R. I.

46 Bellevue St., Providence, R. I. Editor Mind and Matter:

I have received a copy of your valuable paper from my nephew, Mr. J. A. Bliss, and I must say it is as near my sentiments as any paper I have ever seen. Spiritualism is rapidly spreading in our city but in a very quiet way. Private circles are held, and now for the first time we have had our own materializing circles. I attended one a short time since at Mrs. H. V. Ross' No. 83 Carpenter street, which has been held in private by our most reliable Spiritualists for a long time. It was the first time I sat in that kind of a circle. One of the forms that came, was that of a woman who beckoned for me to come to her and she met me half way in the room. I fully recognized it to be the spirit of my mother. (Jas. A. Bliss' grandmother.) My face was within eight inches of hers, and it was as natural as when she was living in the earthly form. There were eight other forms which came out into the room. Three of them took bunches of flowers from the hands of persons sitting in the circle, carried them to the cabinet then returned them to the circle. The Indian girl "Bright Star" came out into the room with long flowing hair, and took a pair of scissors from a man's hand, and cut for nearly all present a lock of her hair. I have one of them now. All the spirit forms except a little child were fully recognized by the audience; as their friends who once lived upon this planet. Mrs. Ross is one of the best mediums in our city, if not in the country.

Yours fraternally,

CORNELIUS E. BLISS.

Pearls from Spirit Life—Through Dr. W. L. Jack, Haverhill, Mass.—Ameno T. Withers.

Some men, indeed, and many there are, drop deeds of kindness from their fingers, which count in eternity to their honor and glory more than strings of pearls, or gems, or rubies; and it is to you, oh, tried, true and constant friend of the children of sorrow and want, that these words are penned. You, indeed, are gathering for yourself those gems that shall shine in your crown of peace through the life here on earth; and in your contest for the rights of these children you are battling with those jewels of truth that shall, in the life hereafter, illumine your path in worlds of glorified usefulness.

We are happy, indeed, when we see your pen or pencil writing upon life's pages the living truths of spirit power and manifestations unto the children of men, given through our instruments, the mediums of your earth-land.

Fear not, beloved one; you are encompassed about and around with an innumerable throng of living witnesses, who testify of the spirit. Be of good courage; thy faith, indeed, hath made thee whole. I would that you should still further know that your labor is not in vain. The jewels that you have set in the type of the truths of your gems of peace and mercy are the crowning efforts of your life's aim. With angels and all those grand celestial spirits, who have passed on triumphantly through seas of trouble before you, and are now resting in abodes of peace, shall you triumph over your enemies, and reign victorious here, and with the friends "Over There."

You have done a noble work, and many have worked through you for the achievement of their purpose. Yours is a work of truth and love. You have sought, therefore, to fear or tremble for.

With our best wishes, believe me, yours in spirit-life,

Ameno T. Withers.

To Jonathan M. Roberts. [We clip the above most encouraging communication from our valued contemporary, the Voice of Angels, of March 1st, and thank the stranger spirit who so kindly commends our labors in this unexpected but most welcome manner.—J. M. Roberts.]

## BLACKFOOT'S WORK.

DOCTORS ASSISTED IN HEALING THE SICK.

MECHANICSVILLE, Iowa, Feb. 23, 1880.

James A. Bliss—Dear Sir and Brother:

Enclosed find six 3-cent stamps, for which please send magnetized paper. My patient is improving under its use. Will report further in future.

Yours truly,

J. C. BALDORF, M. D.

NERVOUS SYSTEM BENEFITED.

WEST BURKE, Vt., Feb. 23, 1880.

James A. Bliss—Dear Sir:

As I see others are ordering your magnetized paper for the second time, I take the liberty of doing so again. I have received a great deal of benefit from it, especially my nervous system, which was very much prostrated. I have completely worn the paper out, and sewed it in muslin and wore it. Yours truly,

Mrs. VIANNA GOODWIN.

CATARH CURED.

MONTICELLO, Jones Co., Iowa, Feb. 22, 1880.

Dear Brother Bliss:

I sent to you for some magnetized paper to allow "big chief" to cure me of catarrh. I tied it on my throat nights; in a few days the disease seemed to assume an acute form; worse than it had been for years; for two days I had a new kind of headache. The phlegm in my throat began to loosen up and then dry up. In a few days this disease, which had troubled me as long as I can remember, had so far disappeared that I consider myself cured within three weeks from the beginning. Tell "big chief" that I shall ever hold him in grateful remembrance, and when I come to his country I will pay him if I can. Wm. CLARK.

"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE IS HOPE."

ARKADELPHIA, Ark., Feb. 25, M. S. 32.

Mr. Jas. A. Bliss—Dear Sir and Brother:

Enclosed find stamps for renewal of paper. I should perhaps have sent sooner, but my daughter was so low that we had given up all hopes of her recovery. Now, however, she is much better and the symptoms have changed, and her skin is clear, her eyes are brighter, and we think (and so does she) that altogether there is a great improvement, and I attribute the change to the magnetized paper. If she recovers, I shall consider it a remarkable cure. I am fully aware of the wonderful power of those noble red men who are doing so much for humanity at this time. May the Great Spirit reward them, and those through whom they labor, is the prayer of one who has received many favors from them.

I see, in MIND AND MATTER, that you are kept busy, but I hope you will be able to send the paper as soon as you receive this, as we are very anxious to apply a new paper. Hoping that your footsteps may always be guided and guarded by good angels,

I am ever respectfully and fraternally,

R. B. KAUFMAN,

Box 38, Arkadelphia, Clark Co., Ark.

HEADACHE CURED—DEVELOPMENT AIDED.

NORTH READING, Mass., Feb. —, 1880.

Mr. James A. Bliss—Dear Sir:

Shall I be intruding if I write a few lines to tell you that the magnetized paper you mailed to me on the 11th inst., was received the 12th inst., and my wish that the old chief should come was gratified. We seated ourselves around the table in the evening, according to directions, and soon "Red Cloud" and "Blackfoot" told us by tips that they were with us. We should not fully believe a statement coming in that way unless corroborated in some other way, as this was.

My father was suffering with a distracting headache, and to my mental query, would they try and cure it, the answer came, yes; and from that moment the pain commenced to abate and in a few hours was entirely gone. My mother received temporary relief from the pain in her shoulder, which has troubled her for many years. The effect of their strong magnetism was very apparent on the three developing mediums present. Our little "Sunlight" (my sister's control) took her medium and introduced the chiefs to us and described them to us; soon they bade us good-night, with the promise to come again.

Words cannot express our thanks, both to you and them, for the comfort, help and real happiness conferred upon us by their visit.

That you may receive the guidance, aid and blessing of the whole angel world in your work of love is the earnest wish of your true friend in the cause.

SARAH F. BREED (Box 13).

Mrs. M. E. Weeks, Chicago, Ill., writes: "I have just received by mail three beautiful engravings which I prize highly. I fully appreciate this beautiful gift. I am happy to work for MIND AND MATTER and a man whose qualifications endear him to the hearts of all mediums. I for one have reason to bless him. May God and the angels ever give you strength to defend the helpless instruments of truth everywhere, and may that sweet peace that passes all understanding dwell in your soul."

ALL persons accepting any of the following mediums' offers are not entitled to receive any other premium that we have offered in our advertising columns.

## R. C. Flower's Generous Offer.

For the purpose of extending the circulation of MIND AND MATTER—the best Spiritualist paper we have—I make this offer: Any one sending me two dollars (my regular price), and with it a lock of hair, giving age, height, weight, sex, temperature of skin and feet; with two postage stamps for answer; I will give them a thorough examination of their case; also full advice as to what course they had best pursue; and I will send you the two dollars to pay their subscription to MIND AND MATTER. Let all letters of this kind be addressed to me in your care.

R. C. FLOWER, M. D.,

1319 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## Harry C. Gordon's Liberal Offer.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 1st, M. S. 32.

Editor Mind and Matter.

To any person who will subscribe for MIND AND MATTER for one year, through me, I will give a free Slate Writing Seance and one admission ticket to my week-day materialization seances.

Yours truly,

HARRY C. GORDON.

## A Chicago Medium's Generous Offer.

Editor Mind and Matter:

No. 7 Laflin St. cor of Madison St. To those who will subscribe through me for MIND AND MATTER one year, I will give a sitting for spirit tests. This offer to hold good for six months from date. Yours Respectfully,

Mrs. MARY E. WEEKS.

## Dr. J. C. Phillips' Liberal Offer.

Omro, Wis., Jan. 14, 1880.

Bro. Roberts:—You can say in your paper that any one subscribing for your paper through me, and sending stamps to prepay answer, will receive a psychometrical reading; or should they prefer a medical examination, by giving two or three leading symptoms, (to facilitate) will receive the latter. Send lock of hair.

Dr. J. C. PHILLIPS,

Psychometrist, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Healer.

## Amanda Harthan's Liberal Offer.

Editor Mind and Matter:

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., 437 Main Street.

I will give to any new subscriber to MIND AND MATTER in this vicinity, one magnetic treatment, or one medicated bath, or two inhalations for catarrh, to help you in your noble work for mediums. Very respectfully,

A. HARTMAN, M. D.

## A Philadelphia Medium's Valued Offer.

Editor Mind and Matter:

936 N. Thirteenth St.

You may say in your paper that I will give a free sitting to any person who will subscribe for MIND AND MATTER for one year from date. Any person accepting this offer must bring a note with them, from your office, stating that they are entitled to receive the sitting.

Mrs. FAUST.

## A Vitaphathic Physician's Kind offer.

J. M. Roberts, Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR FRIEND OF HUMAN PROGRESS:—I have not time to seek subscribers to your valuable paper; but I will offer this inducement to every person sending me two dollars (my usual price) and with it a lock of their hair, age, sex, etc., with postage stamp for answer; I will make for them a full examination of their case—give diagnosis and advice, and will forward their two dollars to you to pay for them a year's subscription to MIND AND MATTER.

This offer remains good for all time.

J. B. CAMPBELL, M. D., V. D.

260 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

## D. Higbee, M. D., Valued Offer.

BURTON P. O., Shawassco Co., Mich.,

January 26th, 1880.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—As I desire to augment the influence of your noble paper in its efforts to sustain true, but oft maligned and oppressed, sensitive or mediums, I make this offer through your columns. To all persons in the United States or Canada, sending me \$2.00, with age, sex, married or single, and leading symptoms of their disease, their occupation, color of hair and eyes; stating if their disease is hereditary; if married, how many children, and if marital relations are harmonious; I will make for all such a critical examination and valuable prescription, and send promptly to their full postoffice address. The two dollars shall bring to them MIND AND MATTER. This offer to remain open during my ability and existence of the paper.

D. HIGBEE, M. D.,

Eclectic Physician of 35 years practice.

## PHILADELPHIA SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SPIRITUALISTS of Philadelphia, hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon at 2.30, and evening at 7.30, at the Assembly Buildings Hall, S.W. Cor. Tenth and Chestnut streets. Mr. R. C. Flowers will occupy the rostrum Sunday, March 7th. The public are cordially invited to attend.

THE FIRST ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS—At Academy Hall, 8th and Spring Garden Streets, every Sunday at 10 1/2 a. m. and 7 1/2 p. m.

FIRST SPIRITUAL CHURCH of the Good Samaritan, at the N. E. Cor. Eighth and Buttonwood sts., 3d floor. Speaking and test circle every Sunday afternoon and evening.

THOMPSON STREET CHURCH Spiritual Society, at Thompson st., below Front. Free conference every Sunday afternoon, and circle in the evening.

LYRIC HALL SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—259 1/2 N. Ninth st. Free conference every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 o'clock.

## PHILADELPHIA MEDIUMS.

Miss H. Lane, Clairvoyant and Electro Magnetic Healer, has removed from 131 Mt. Vernon St. to 780 North Eighth street. (Private entrance on Brown street.) Successful treatment of Diseases by hand or battery. Diagnoses from 9 to 10 a. m. every day free of charge. Office hours 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 6 p. m.

Charles St. Clair, Developing and Healing Medium. Hall, 240 South Fifth street. Circle every Thursday evening. Sittings daily.

Mrs. Mary A. Lamb, Trance Test Medium, No. 2 Alsen Ave., rear 141 N. Fourth St. Sittings daily.

James A. Bliss, Test Medium, will until further notice, devote every Tuesday afternoon in each week from 12 a. m. to 7 p. m. to private sittings, for communications, developing, etc., at the office of MIND AND MATTER, 713 Sansom street, Phila. Terms, \$1.00 per half hour.

Dr. Henry C. Gordon, Materializing and Slate Writing Medium, 601 N. 13th st. Select seances every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock; also Tuesday at 3 o'clock. Private sittings daily for Slate Writing tests and communications.

Mrs. W. H. Young, Healing medium will be in Phila. Monday and Wednesday of each week. Hours, 9 a. m. to 3 p. m. Mrs. Young has been travelling and made some wonderful cures throughout the country. Cancers and old Chronic Diseases a specialty. Testimonials from the best citizens can be had on application. Office, 2049 Market st.

Mrs. N. L. Fluson, Electro Physician. Clairvoyant and Developing Medium. Developing Circle every Thursday evening. Medical consultation free, 1012 Vine st.

Mrs. A. E. DeHaas, Clairvoyant examination, and magnetic treatment. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 12 m., and 1 p. m. to 4 p. m. No. 1231 North Fifteenth st., Phila.

Mrs. Katie B. Robinson, the well-known Trance-test medium, will give sittings daily to investigators, at 2123 Brandywine street.

Alfred James, Trance and Test Medium and medium for materialization. Private sittings daily at 711 S. Eighth St. Materialization seances on Tuesday and Friday evenings. Test and developing circles on Sunday and Wednesday evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Ambrosia, Slate Writing, Clairvoyant, Trance and Test Mediums, 1223 North Third Street. Circle every Sunday and Thursday evenings, also every Tuesday at 2 o'clock p. m. Sittings daily.

Mrs. Sarah A. Anthony, Test Medium, 1129 South 11th street. Circles on Monday and Thursday evenings. Private sittings daily.

Mrs. Faust, Test Medium, 936 N. Thirteenth st. Private sittings daily from 9 a. m. to 9 p. m.

Test Clairvoyant, Mrs. Loomis, 1372 Ridge Av. Sittings daily.

Mrs. George—Trance and Test Medium—No. 690 North Eleventh st. Circles on Tuesday evenings. Sittings daily.

God, the Father, and Man the Image of God.....	25
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## GO; ON MY SOUL!

BY T. P. KORTON.

Go; O my soul! divine, sojourner go,  
 Beside thy tenure o'er this mould'ring clay;  
 Behold, thy destiny's immortal wing  
 New fledged, is fluttering ready to obey.

Along the shining corridors beyond,  
 Resound the notes of infinite decree;  
 In thrilling numbers earthward to proclaim  
 The tidings of thy wonted liberty.

Transcendent visions, through the curtain folds,  
 Display the glories of thy future course;  
 While secrets of the inner life unfold—  
 Mysterious as the nature of thy source.

Swift as an arrow from the Almighty hand,  
 With trains of glory from the spheres above,  
 The fleetwing messengers of joy haste down,  
 To grace thy entrance to a world of love.

Death's sombre robes he at the portal leaves,  
 Transformed to a divine almoner there;  
 Greeting the angels at the opening gate,  
 He leaves thy trembling spirit to their care.

Nature,—by love commissioned to remove  
 The empty vessel where the fount is dry,  
 And Earth; are smiling o'er the dust; well pleased  
 To take the casket back to their employ.

Old Time retires to mark another round,  
 Full is the measure of his chattering rod;  
 The parting clouds each moment brighter grow,  
 And all is light between my soul and God.

## DR. MATTHEW'S SEANCES.

## Most Convincing Spirit Materialization and Other Manifestations.

BY J. B. BRAUN, M. D.

To the Editor of Mind and Matter:

DEAR SIR:—Please permit me to contribute to your valuable paper some comparatively brief sketches of what I have personally seen and witnessed by my own sound senses in fifty-five materializing seances of Dr. Matthew, 87 West Madison Street, in this city, (Chicago), extending over a period of more than two years.

It was in August, 1877, when I went several times to see Mrs. Hollis, the well known independent voice medium, then residing in our city, in order to attend one of her sittings. As the lady was laboring under a protracted illness, at that time, from over exertion in her mediumistic capacity, during the hot season, I could never accomplish my purpose, and asked her occasionally if she could not recommend me to a genuine physical medium that could produce phenomena of real spirit apparitions, within the city limits. "Yes," she replied, "go to Dr. Matthew, he is surely such a person."

I was a perfect stranger to Mrs. Hollis, and never gave her my address. The following day I betook myself to Dr. Matthew's residence, about 8 o'clock in the evening, the usual hour of his seances. I found in a middle sized room about a dozen persons in attendance there, every one a stranger to myself. The medium, a gentleman of some thirty years of age, with a genial countenance and affable manners, was present in the room already, and conversed freely with the audience, showing a small by-room or cabinet, wherein he was to be entranced, and which was separated from the spectators by a partition and a simple door, with an open window and a curtain thereto. He kindly invited every one present to examine minutely that locality, even in daylight, if they would choose to do so. Then he placed a small table in the middle of the room, and sitting down he laid both his hands on the same, whilst he requested the audience to follow his example. About half a dozen persons seated themselves around the table, with their hands resting on it. The medium soon felt the influence of spirit presence, and asked the question, would the spirits please to rap. The answer was given immediately by three distinct raps. Hereupon one after the other of the sitters queried if some one of their friends or relatives was present, when always a prompt reply was given by proper rapping. Presently Dr. Matthew commenced to quiver with his arms, and as he perceived the moment coming of his duty to retire into the cabinet, he stood up addressing a few impressive words to the audience, and admonishing them not to converse during the performance, and to keep quiet. He also remarked by the way, that he was not confined to his cabinet in order to obtain the materialization of spirits, and that he was ready to resort to any room in any house to obtain exactly the like phenomena under the strictest test conditions, such as being tied by his arms and legs by means of a rope, changing his clothes, and undressing entirely, if required. The practice of being tied to the chair with a rope, however, Dr. Matthew had abandoned of late altogether, his spirit guides not advising him any longer to undergo such a torture. It was somewhat miraculous to me to observe the medium tied to his chair with a strong rope, in more than a dozen seances, a short time after he had been entranced, as well as after the sitting was over, in the earlier period of my attendance. Several times I found it rather difficult to untie the hard knots around his wrists and knees, and it took a few minutes until I could succeed. He asserts that the work of tying was always done by spirits, and I entertain not the least doubt but that it was; for I don't see the possibility that he ever might have performed such a task himself, and he surely had no human coadjutor.

In spite of the assuring appearance of Dr. Matthew and his surroundings, I was still full of suspicion as to the possibility of spirit apparitions, I had heard and read of so many tricks performed by so-called mediums, and followed by occasional exposures, and being, at that time, a beginner and skeptical investigator of Spiritualism, therefore, I would strictly avoid any conversation with anyone of the audience, so as not to betray, by the most trifling clue, my personality.

As the medium now stepped into his cabinet and closed the door, so that it might have been reopened any moment by a spectator during the seance, the usual singing in such circles commenced in semi-darkness, and after a short while the spiritual manifestations were fairly introduced by a powerful voice in a deep bass tone from the upper part of the cabinet, with the greeting words, "Good evening, friends." Two spirit faces, one by one appeared in front of the cabinet window, giving their names, and were recognized by persons among the audience. After about half a dozen spirits had materialized, speaking and spoken to in English, all at once a spirit came forth in the shape of a young man, looking at me with rather living features, while his face was shining up like the milk glass shade of a lamp, and began to converse with me in a pretty loud voice, in German: "Yes, I am your little brother, I was a little baby in Germany!" As I asked the spirit then in English to state his full

name, he promptly replied in German, "My name is Joseph Braun." Startled as I was, I gazed at this quite unexpected apparition with searching eyes, whilst the spirit face was smiling at me for a minute or so, and then vanished with the words in my own language, "My mother is coming!" Instantly the form of an old woman appeared who began to speak in a strong whispering voice in German, "My dear son." Questioning her to pronounce her name, she answered three times in succession at my repeated request, "Braun." Thereafter she disappeared.

Now it was quite evident to me, beyond the least shadow of a doubt, that these two apparitions must have been genuine spirit phenomena, because nobody in the world even the most skillful conjuror or magician, could have produced such effects by merely physical forces, before my completely sound senses, aside from the same perception by other sane persons in my presence. I had not expected indeed, the appearance of my brother, who had died in Germany in 1828, then only four months old, when I was myself but three years of age.

Dr. Matthew had been no longer than three months in Chicago, and he could not have possessed the test knowledge of my personal and family matters previously. Moreover, he has not the slightest knowledge of the German language, his native tongue being English.

The sitting then proceeded fairly, and lasted over an hour, during which time about twenty spirits showed themselves more or less distinctly materialized, and the majority of them were recognized and identified by their names.

At the subsequent seance my brother appeared again, but not so well materialized, their being not so perfect harmony in the circle, and most of the spirits having less strength in appearance and voice. But the third sitting was a very successful one, the circle being much more harmonious, and consisting of about eighteen persons, when a certain Dr. Fuller, who had died a few years since in our city, came out of the cabinet and stood before the audience, just as if he was alive, for several minutes, and spoke a few words, while the lamp light illuminated the room a good deal stronger, and every person could be plainly discerned. The controlling spirit, who is mostly present during the sittings, and always ready to answer divers questions, remarked, towards the close of the performance, that if we would furnish a nearly equal number of ladies and gentlemen on the same day of next week, Dr. Fuller would come out of the cabinet again. We did so, exactly as we had been advised to do, and Dr. Fuller walked out of the by-room and stood before the spectators for a few minutes, speaking also some sentences in a hoarse, half loud, but distinctly intelligible tone, breathing heavily, in order to intimate his physical condition in the last stage of his earth-life, which was pulmonary consumption. In fact, he appeared as natural as a man in flesh and blood, and touching the hands of the first row of sitters, he bowed and retired into the cabinet directly afterward, the same as in the former seance.

My spirit brother continued materializing regularly for fifteen or sixteen sittings, always promptly giving his first name, and also his family name, when I insisted upon it. But later he was not willing any longer to tell his second name, after he had given his first. Once I requested him repeatedly to give his family name, too, else I would not believe that he was my brother, when he instantly gathered more strength for materialization, and spoke in a very angry tone: "My name is Joseph." In subsequent seances he would ever reply when asked to state his second name: "Oh, one name is enough."

Occasionally I asked the controlling spirit who he was, and when and where he had come into this world and passed out of it, or rather died. Always speaking in quite a powerful and deep voice, he replied: "I was born in Liverpool, England, in 1842, and passed away in the city of Columbus, in the State of Ohio, in 1860. My name is Dick Fitzgerald. There is no death—I did not die—I just passed away." Misunderstanding his words, as if he had said he had passed into spirit-life in 1860, I was under the impression that he was only sixteen years old at his decease. At the opening of the next seance he addressed me then directly saying: "You have misunderstood me recently when I told you what year I passed away; it was in 1860 and not in 1866." "Oh, so you were twenty-four years of age already, and I have so much more respect for your person," I remarked. "Ha, ha, ha," he retorted, in a laughing tone, "that makes no difference at all in the spirit-world."

Dr. Fuller has never materialized in such a solid shape since, although he may have appeared in those two years, in all about a dozen times. A short while ago he spoke to some one of the audience these words by the by: "It is no matter, in the spirit-world, what creed, religion, or ism, you may follow here on earth; just do right." And pointing with his raised and fully stretched out arm toward the sky, he exclaimed in a touching tone, "Up there is compensation!"

My spirit sister having died in Germany in 1838, at fifteen years old, did not appear before the sixteenth seance, when she showed and reported herself as my sister Fanny Braun. Since then she has come forth frequently, but only telling her first name like my brother, and if I would also insist upon her family name, she generally answers in her language: "Oh, God, one name is enough!" (Ach Gott, ein Name ist genug!) When I asked her once where she was in the spirit land, she stated that she was in the fourth sphere together with my brother and mother. My brother has conversed with me in English as well as in German, in recent seances, which seems to demonstrate that there is some school instruction existing in the higher spheres. Presently my brother, when I asked why he would not bring mother along any more, replied: "Mother has been sent up to the fifth sphere to teach children; she is engaged." Another time I was informed that mother felt so happy in her abode that she had no desire at all to come down again on this miserable earth.

In the fall of 1877 my most respectable friend, Dr. von Grauvogl, supreme staff physician of the army, died at Munich, Bavaria, in the 67th year of his age. He had been a staunch Spiritualist long before, a fact which he expressed in one of his last letters, directed to me a few months previous to his decease, in this manner: "That you become a Spiritualist rejoices me so much more, as I have been one since a long time already." Not a great while after his departure he materialized for me, speaking in a vigorous voice in German: "I am Baron Dr. von Grauvogl," or, "I am Dr. von Grauvogl, a military," etc. Up to this moment he has appeared to me in all fourteen times in those sittings.

At this juncture I may mention an extraordi-

nary coincidence connected with the mediumship of Dr. Matthew. About half a year after the departure of that illustrious genius, I was sitting one day with Dr. Matthew in his room, at noon time, chatting about sundry topics of Medicine and Spiritualism, when suddenly he was startled by seeing the unexpected apparition of a spirit next to me in an unmaterialized condition, he also being a well developed clairvoyant, and he instantly informed me about it, giving me a description of the spirit-form, as he perceived it, with the remark that the spirit wore a military uniform with epaulettes, and also heard his name spoken, but it was difficult for him to pronounce that name correctly. I asked him, thereupon, if the same sounded like Grauvogl, which he affirmed by saying, "Yes, the spirit is nodding." A few minutes later the spirit disappeared. Now a singular idea struck me, and I asked my colleague if he had perchance obtained such a strong impression of the questionable spirit, that he might pick out a picture, resembling that spirit, from any number of other pictures and identify him. "Certainly," was his reply. So I went home, and seized one of the two pictures of Grauvogl, that I had received from my estimable friend at my last interview with him at Munich, in 1874, one representing him as a civilian and the other as a military person. In order to surely mislead the clairvoyant, if possible, this time, I took the civilian and mingled it with about three dozens of male pictures, mostly physicians, whilst I left out the military likeness of Grauvogl, placing instead the military one of Prof. Dr. von Nussbaum, general staff physician in Munich. Soon afterwards I visited the medium again on purpose, and presented some thirty different pictures, including that of Grauvogl. Dr. Matthew took hold of the pictures, and commenced to lay one aside after the other, until he touched the civil picture of Grauvogl, when he seized and compared it for a moment with that of my namesake, Prof. Braun, of the Vienna faculty, which he laid aside, however, declaring positively that this (Grauvogl) was the very picture of the spirit in question. Now I wish to learn how a stiff-necked and incorrigible orthodox or materialistic skeptic would explain that remarkable incident! [Grauvogl was of late years the most learned and greatest Homoeopath on the globe, a fact that is sufficiently established by his writings. His text-book on Homoeopathy was translated into English in our city ten years ago, and is undergoing a second edition at this moment, after all the Allopathic authors, such as Virchow, Liebig, etc., had been completely silenced towards Hahnemann's most beneficial and wonderful doctrine, in Germany, by the irresistible force of his (Grauvogl's) logic, as well as by objective evidence. He also enjoyed a world-wide reputation as practitioner of Homoeopathy, and was called several times to the imperial family and aristocracy in Prussia. Moreover, he was offered a professorship in a Prussian university, which honor he declined, however.]

In some of these circles it happens that a spirit is strong enough to bear the approach of a person, and to allow him to step to the aperture of the cabinet door, in order to strike hands, or to be patted on the head, or even to be embraced. Thus my spirit brother furnished me one such a chance, but I saw and felt only the little hand and forearm of an infant moving up and down the palm of my right hand, whereby I had exactly the same impression as by the touch of a living fellow-man.

Swedenborg, the famous Swedish seer of the last century, surprised me once by his appearance, and advised me to go to a certain colleague and friend of mine, an old Homoeopathic physician and formerly a Methodist preacher, residing in Chicago at present, to inform him that he should attend one of these seances shortly. I did so, and my friend went to the next sitting, when Swedenborg appeared and conversed with him freely about a book he was just then writing on physical conditions in other spheres, and he also stated that the theory advanced in this very book was correct, and that he (Swedenborg) had been his steady guide in composing the same, and would inspire him further in writing. Soon after that Swedenborg reappeared expressly for me at a subsequent seance, addressing me, to my surprise, in German. When I interrogated him then as to how he came to speak my native language, he explained it away by saying, "I studied German in Sweden, and was a man of learning," etc.

Sometime in the fall of 1878 my esteemed colleague, Prof. Dr. Woodyatt, of the Chicago Homoeopathic College, together with Col. Waterman, attended such a seance. Dr. Matthew, who had passed an examination before Prof. Woodyatt just about half a year previous, when he graduated, felt very much flattered by the visit of his former teacher, and conversed with him vividly for quite a while, relating to him how he had been gradually developed a physical medium, etc. In this way his nervous system had been excited more than usual, and he went into the cabinet to lapse into a trance somewhat worn out already. Endeavoring in vain for half an hour, perhaps, to get entranced, the medium left the by-room, excusing himself by saying that it was impossible for him this time to attain his object, and also returning the reasonable fee of fifty cents for admission. But the next sitting was much more successful, as the medium became entranced in a few minutes, and Fitzgerald, or friend Fitz, as I would like to call the familiar chap, fairly initiated the seance with the common greeting: "Good evening, friends!" Presently I addressed him with these words, "You left us in a bad lurch the last time when we waited for you so anxiously and you did not come at all." "Ha, ha, ha," he retorted, "I just wanted to see how bad you feel when I stay away." "So," I remarked, "this is exactly the way you would play your pranks upon us, and we are very much obliged to you for such a favor." "No, sir!" he replied in a serious tone; "the medium had been talking too much and was in fact exhausted!" Then the materializations commenced, and at once a report was heard like that of a gun, when a spirit appeared that wanted to speak to Colonel Waterman and identified himself as one of his former comrades, who had fallen in one of the battles of the Southern war, the conversation lasting several minutes. Soon another spirit materialized, and was identified alike as an old acquaintance of the same campaign.

Prof. Woodyatt, that gifted and ill-fated young teacher of occultic science, I deeply regret to mention, passed to spirit-life just a few weeks since by a malignant attack of diphtheria.

In one of the latest seances, Professor Beebe, of Hahnemann College, who also departed, in the prime of his life, but three years ago, materialized the second time for me, and remarked that one of his brothers (Professor of Homoeopathy) had just been called away. "Yes!" I replied, "why don't you bring him along, too?" Prof. Woodyatt,

"Oh, he is too weak yet," he answered, and vanished.

In the spring of last year (1879) I took one of my former clients, a native and resident of Sheboygan county, Wisconsin, by the name of Hermann Herbst, who was a complete stranger to our city and the medium, with me to one of these seances. After several English-speaking spirits had appeared, a spirit came that announced himself as a brother of that gentleman, stating his name as Wilhelm Herbst, who had died some thirty years ago, when Herman was only three years of age. Then an old woman materialized, calling herself his mother and conversing in German. When asked to tell her name, she promptly answered: "Dorothea Herbst." My friend then requested her to declare what time she had passed into spirit-life, and she readily replied: "On the 11th of October, 1876." Thereupon he asked her one more question as to her maiden name, and she answered quite correctly, "Dorothea Bandmann!" That was convincing evidence enough for me as well as Mr. Herbst.

Sometime since I was taken with not a little surprise by the apparition of an old woman, who expressed her desire to converse with me. I may mention, by the way, that it happens not unfrequently that a spirit, whenever he materializes in those circles, would point directly to the person he wishes to address in the audience to the full length of his arm. Requesting her to identify herself, as I did, she spoke in a vigorous, though somewhat shrill, accent: "My name is Mrs. McComb!" "Are you Mrs. McComb, whom I have attended several times and who was so very sick once that you nearly came to die under my care," I asked. "Yes," she said; "tell Duncan I thank him!" three times successively. "What," I remarked, "do you mean Dr. Duncan, the editor of the Medical Investigator here?" "Yes," was her reply. "Oh!" I continued; "Dr. Duncan is a skeptic and does not believe at all in spiritual manifestations." Then, assuming more vigor in shape and voice, she exclaimed: "Oh! he has got it in his heart!—he has got it in his heart!" repeatedly, while she moved her right hand expressively over the region of the heart: "Tell my son to come next time, and I shall materialize for him," she said at last, and disappeared. One of her sons, being an old friend and customer of mine, I informed him about that occurrence, and he joined the subsequent sitting, when his mother actually appeared again, although with not so much strength as before, the circle was not quite so harmonious.

About four months ago, at the fortieth seance, I was startled by the unexpected apparition of one of my most intimate friends of my classical studies in the city of Augsburg, Germany, from 1836 to 1840. He materialized with great vigor, giving his full name, Joseph Dirhammer, and adding that he had been a Catholic priest, etc. When I asked him why he did not appear any sooner for me in these seances, he suddenly lost all his power and dematerialized. Thereupon I applied to friend Fitzgerald for information about that question. "Oh," said the control, "he has been here a good many times already, but I would never admit him before." "Why would not you admit him?" I queried. "Because he is in the dark sphere and is a dark spirit." "Why is he in the dark sphere?" I further asked. "Because he committed suicide, and that's a crime; he had no reason to act so, as he was holding a good position." "Is suicide indeed a crime, and so great a crime as to kill your fellow-man?" I continued. "No; but it is a great crime anyway." "How long has he got to stay in that dark sphere yet—about as long as he has been there already?" "Yes, fully that long, and then he will rise to higher spheres." "Please let him appear any time he wants to henceforth." "Yes, I will," said friend Fitz, and he has kept his promise faithfully ever since, as Dirhammer has materialized seven times since then.

The suicide of Joseph Dirhammer, on the 14th of December, 1872, in the city of New Orleans—one of the most prominent members of the bar—had excited many old inhabitants of the Crescent City, and caused the greatest sensation, having been engaged there as an attorney and leading politician over twenty years previously. Two years before, visited me in Chicago, in 1870, after we had not seen each other for thirty years. In the fall of 1871 I visited his grave at New Orleans, in the Washington cemetery, lost in thoughts of the past, present, and future, in a melancholy disposition.

In all those fifty-five seances, it happened to occur but three times that Dr. Matthew failed to obtain the materialization, and that he could not become entranced. He gives, once a week, regularly, so-called developing seances for such persons as want to be developed as mediums. The manifestations therein are oftentimes most striking, as he describes spirits present by their name and appearance in a non-materialized condition, making them rap on a small table, whilst he also acts sometimes as an inspirational speaker in a very impressive manner.

I only wonder why the Chicago Times, that leading and most comprehensive newspaper, which furnishes highly interesting items of Spiritualism from time to time, and that knows how to search out even the most trifling matters of every day life, has not mentioned yet a syllable of Dr. Matthew's mediumship, to my knowledge, although he has been living in Chicago in such a capacity since the spring of 1877.

296 Wells street, Chicago.

## Another Satisfactory Answer to a Sealed Letter Through Dr. J. V. Mansfield.

RUSHVILLE, February 16th, 1880.

J. V. Mansfield—Dear Brother:

Enclosed find three dollars and stamps to answer the enclosed sealed letter, the one you answered sent to the editor of MIND AND MATTER, Jonathan M. Roberts, was very satisfactory. Worth to me several times the cost. I have taken the Banner of Light since the fall of 1880, the coming fall will be 20 years, and shall during the balance of my life. MIND AND MATTER suits me well and shall continue it and the Olive Branch, and drop the R-P Journal when my time is out in October.

Your answer by the spirits was above all price and points to great and important events that will transpire in our country soon, &c., &c. I am old, shall be 84 years August 10th.

Fraternally yours

B. CHADSEY,

H. N. Howard, of Skowhegan, Me., writes: "I received Dr. Mansfield's letter all right; it was all I could desire. I wish I could be like him; but gifts differ. It is right."